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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Photograph by Robert Disraeli for* The Saturday Review

Louis Napoleon's Story

ANOTHER CAESAR. By Alfred Neumann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is an historical novel of the length to which Hervey Allen's "Anthony Adverse" has accustomed us. It is the fruit of formal research, and follows history closely. This translation of the German "Neuer Cäsar" is by that well-known translating team, Eden and Cedar Paul, which is a recommendation. When you start it you're in for about six hundred pages of closely printed text, but you'll also encounter all the humors and most dramatic moments in the strange career of that son of Hortense Beauharnais who was completely possessed by the Napoleonic idea.

We honor Mr. Neumann, a novelist just turned forty, for his present exile from a Germany where all original thinking is ruthlessly suppressed and stupidity stalks rampant as the god of the people. He is in good company, with Thomas Mann and Feuchtwanger. However, his large novel has nothing to do with propaganda of any kind; it is simply the reconstruction of a period and of a serio-comic figure of the nineteenth century who is one of the most peculiar combinations of tragedy and farce in all modern history. "The Eaglet," the Duke of Reichstadt, the King of Rome and true son of the great Napoleon, strange as was his position and fate, comes down to us in the robes of tragic romance. The Napoleon, however, who also became emperor and was then deposed—the son of the great Bonaparte's brother who was King of Holland—still has about him a touch of the mountebank and the impostor. That is what makes his life all the more interesting. He is one of history's curiosities.

The author, a poet, a biographer, a novelist, has given us already an histori-

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The Golden Age of Queen Victoria

EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. 2 *vols.* $14.

Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

THIS is an age of coöperation, in literary-historical work if nowhere else. On every hand we have had since the days of Lavisse and Rambaud and the "Cambridge Modern History" a series of such works in almost every field of human activity, but most of all in history. The days of the professor of universal knowledge—with certain notable if superficial journalistic exceptions—seem to be past; and series upon series fills our shelves.

They are of all sorts and of widely differing value and interest. Among them the present volumes are notable. On the face of it nothing might seem more dull and uninteresting than a thousand pages of description of a past age, especially an age so near our own, and more especially an age which a newer school has done its best to make us believe a curiously uninteresting, if not stodgy, period. In such a spirit one begins to read of "the sights and sounds of Early Victorian England," and, if the experience of one reader is to be trusted, will be disappointed. For these, in his judgment, are interesting books. The articles they contain are something more than mere catalogues of facts. The reader may not be concerned with the household expenses of the working classes in the mid-nineteenth century; he might even find in those of middle and upper classes, of doctors and professors, as much food for thought as in those of laborers. He may be—and he probably will be—pained by the pictures of the costumes of that early period, which will rouse in him all of the contempt for a generation which had such extraordinarily curious taste in

(*Continued on page* 443)

The Writer and Revolution*

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

THAT publishers and critics are a writer's natural economic enemies, battening the one upon his flesh and the other on his bones, is an entertaining notion—in which, I need hardly say, I do not believe. I do, however, believe in a wholly serious notion which comes approximately to the same thing. That notion is that both publishers and critics frequently exert upon writers an intellectual influence which may easily become destructive and which any writer who proposes to continue writing must oppose.

Let me be specific. The condition of a publisher's financial solvency and the condition of a critic's literary reputation are at bottom one and the same thing. Success in either case depends upon an acute and perspicacious sense of timeliness. That critic is a good critic, in the sense at least of being a well-paid critic, who fore-feels the changes of the literary appetite and names the dish before it is ordered. That publisher is a successful publisher who guesses in November what the girls will read in May.

But the condition of a writer's success *as a writer*—ignoring as long as we may his success as a manufacturer of seasonable novelties—is *not* timeliness. In fact it is the precise opposite of timeliness. The condition of any writer's success as an artist is the refusal to accept the fashionable esthetic dogmas of his time and the passion to establish a new and clean and unthumbed practice of his art. And the condition of any writer's success as an intelligence is the refusal to think as everyone about him thinks and the ceaseless effort to arrive at personal perceptions. In other words, a writer's real success is always founded in refusal to accept his time on its own terms. Quite commonly the time reciprocates.

The resultant lack of sympathy—to understate it slightly—between writers and their critics needs no comment. The critic, who is in the somewhat ambiguous position of representing posterity in its present incarnation, is not too much to blame. He speaks not for himself but for his generation. Lacking him the writer, who must always feel the stress of opposition, would have been obliged in some way to invent him. Lacking pricks to kick against the ox is apt to kick himself.

But the lack of sympathy between the writer and his publisher is another matter. Now I do not suggest for a moment that publishers attempt, as hasty critics sometimes do, to whip their authors into line. There are undoubtedly publishing houses which suggest to their sources of supply that such and such an offering would be agreeably received. But neither publishers who make, nor writers who receive, such intimations, need detain us. The thing is much more subtle. And by that much, is much more serious.

What happens is that publishers will follow fashions. And following the fashions will extend them. And extending them will leave less room for what's not fashionable. And crowding what's not fashionable will sometimes choke it off. I do not wish to be offensive—though perhaps I am—but not infrequently one has the sense that book shops take the hat shops for their models. The stylish numbers fill the windows. What's not stylish can be found,—with courage, patience, and incredible persistence.

The present situation is an excellent example. The current literary fashion is The Revolution. And publishers have accepted it not only with enthusiasm but with a scientific objectivity which borders on the naive. That is to say that gentlemen who never met a communist in their lives, gentlemen who would vote for Ogden Mills and Andrew Mellon, members of the Union Club in solvent standing, have turned out books that fairly sizzle on the press. One applauds their candor and disinterested love of truth. And one quite commonly applauds the volumes. But still the fact remains that neither books nor candor have quite happened by themselves.

That, however, is a subject for the satirists. The real point, the point I wish to make, is this. *The* Revolution is in fashion. But revolution isn't. And the writer's only interest *as a writer* is with revolution—written by itself without the The. *The* Revolution, the political and economic overthrow of one class by another, is the last act in a process of human change which has had a long history. Whereas revolution itself, the revolution of the spirit, is always the first act in a change which has not yet begun. It is for that reason that *the* Revolution is justly obliged to defend itself by summary trials and by the threat of terror against those purely intellectual "deviations" the brutal suppression of which so shocks the liberal world.

Spiritual action exists at the growing nerve of life: political action in the mature bone. Before an emotion, a twist of the mind, a discovery of the soul, can become effective in social change there must intervene a long period of interpretation, of usage, of habit, of acceptance. The whole body of a people must be dragged into the new way of thinking. What was

*An address delivered at the annual meeting of the National Association of Book Publishers, January 16, 1935.

This Week

MODERN HOUSING
By CATHERINE BAUER
Reviewed by Langdon W. Post

AUTOPSY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE
By GASTON NERVAL
Reviewed by Hiram Bingham

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA
By J. LESLIE MITCHELL
Reviewed by Philip Ainsworth Means

HEAVEN HIGH—HELL DEEP
By NORMAN ARCHIBALD
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

LESSONS IN SPANISH
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON
Edited by G. B. HILL
Reviewed by Chauncey B. Tinker

HEAR, HEAR!
Saturday Review News Photographs
By ROBERT DISRAELI

Next Week or Later

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY
By HANS ZINSSER, M.D.
Reviewed by J. B. S. Haldane

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once dangerous and strange to one man alone must become habitual and common to a nation of men. What was once a passion in the mind must become a violence in the streets. What was once the unbearable excitement of an almost wordless discovery must become the staleness of a political cliché. Dead and sterile terms like "proletariat," "class consciousness," must take the place of the delicate and living symbols in which the revolutionary idea was first conceived. The whole vivid turmoil of vision must undergo the Lot's wife change into academic rock, into textbook bitterness, into literary fashion, into authoritarian death.

With this long and earnest and laborious gestation it is all too obvious that literature, that poetry, has nothing whatever to do. But with the seed force of this laborious process, with the revolution of the spirit from which, and from which alone, action can be born, it is equally obvious that poetry has everything to do. True poetry is always destructive and recreative. But it is destructive and recreative in the womb—not on the operating table. And its attack on the existing order takes place not in the minds of a people but in the minds of a few men and not at the time of the bomb-throwings but generations before. By the time society has ripened the revolutionary inventions of one century, poetry is already inventing the revolutionary purposes of the next.

In the present world, for example, *The* Revolution rests upon a concept, in its essence poetic to the highest degree — the concept of mass destiny—of inevitable social overthrow—of the fatal preferment of an oppressed and exploited class. That concept has undergone its long period of worldly gestation: it now exists fully equipped with the intellectual and political paraphernalia

[illegible] under it another concept, inexplicit as yet, portentous even in its weakness, a concept which opposes to the inevitability of fate the vivid determination of mankind to will a future, takes its shape in art.

Neither publishers nor critics could suppress that process if they wished to. But publishers and critics can and do,—by beating drums, by puffing the contemporary fashion to a tent-top size,—obscure, drown out, and cover up the actual, the living, work. I have no offer of a cure for that. No cure should be desired. Like all beginnings in this world, the new beginnings of the mind take place in darkness and obscurity. But this perhaps I may with diffidence remark: that nothing comes to fashion till its newness has been traded in for novelty and its nature classified and fixed. I do not undertake to tell the publisher what his self-interest is. I do not know my own. But it occurs to me to wonder whether publishers might not perhaps discover better guides to their own interest in the obscure volume of some young and obscure poet than in all the catalogues and book reviews and blurbs of their competitors. I merely wonder.

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Archibald MacLeish, contributing editor to Fortune *magazine, is the author of "Conquistador," which won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in* 1932.

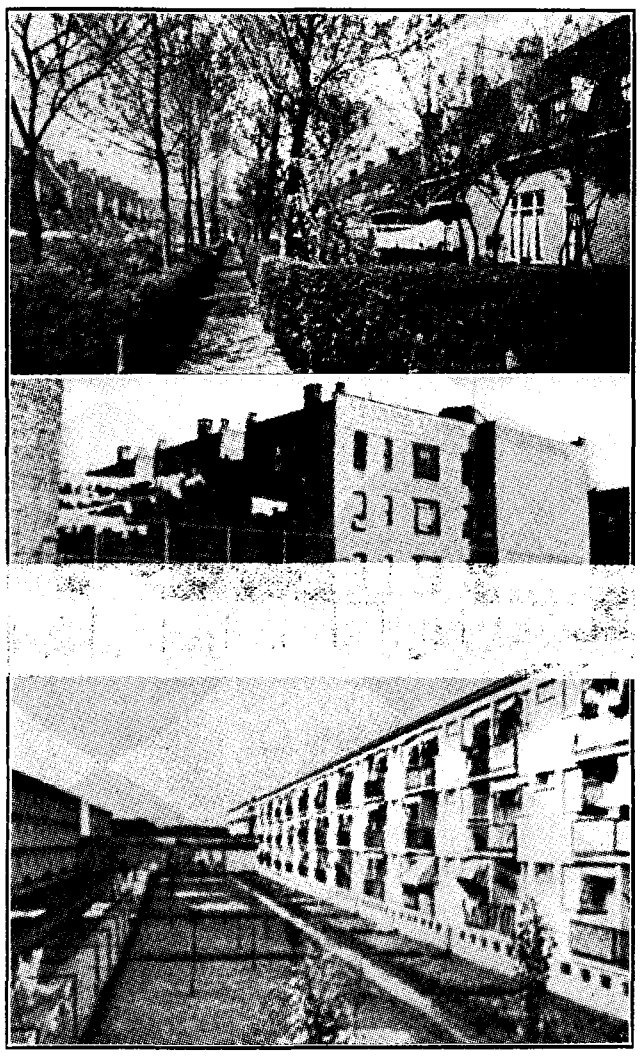
In the hope of encouraging writers of promise and of helping them to secure the financial independence essential to their development, Houghton Mifflin Company are offering two Literary Fellowships for 1935. These Fellowships, which may be given for any type of literature, are intended for men and women of creative ability and of high intellectual and personal qualifications. Each Fellowship will carry an award of $1,000, in addition to subsequent royalties. Application blanks with further particulars may be secured from the publishers.

The Exploitation of Land and People

MODERN HOUSING. By Catherine Bauer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by LANGDON W. POST

MISS BAUER'S book contains as complete an analysis of the trend of housing as has been written to my knowledge. It is particularly valuable in its historical background, which traces the growth of the city from the period when its occupants lived within high walls down to the present day when population spreads out without rhyme or reason. Miss Bauer has been able to show with a real clarity of thought and expression that planning for most cities in both Europe and America ceased after the inhabitants broke through the walled barriers and spread out into the surrounding country. She points out that only in the last few years has Europe again begun to plan its large municipalities. America has not even started to do so. We hardly need Miss Bauer's capable pen to tell us of the unplanned and unsightly growth of our American cities. No person who has seen them from the railroad train, the automobile, or the airplane can possibly deny that it exists. Her explanation, however, of how it has happened and why is both interesting and accurate. She emphasizes with tragic truth the exploitation not only of the individuals who flocked to the cities during the period of the Industrial Revolution and since, but also of the land within those cities' limits.



REAR YARDS: A SIMPLE PLANNING TEST
Top, Rotterdam; middle, the Bronx; bottom, Frankfurt. From "Modern Housing."

Most convincingly Miss Bauer argues that unless the problem arising from the results of this unscrupulous exploitation is attacked in a large, comprehensive, and imaginative manner it will never be solved. This, I think, is quite obvious. But she adds, and again with convincing argument, the solution will not be found unless the attitude of capital is changed or our actual political system entirely revamped.

It is obvious that to wait for the latter course would mean that our populations would have to stew in the juices of past exploitation for some years to come, and in spite of her hopes I think even Miss Bauer would admit this fact. That the problem can be attacked within our existing system she seems to have grave doubts. I feel that she is too pessimistic in her attitude. I do not believe that private capital will make it possible to solve this problem as Miss Bauer would have it solved, but Government capital can and seems to be on the point of doing so, if the President's message to Congress is any indication.

Miss Bauer in the beginning of her book condemns the general public for assuming that well-planned slum clearance and low-rental housing can never be attained because private capital will not permit it. However, she seems to fall somewhat into the same category herself when she assumes this same theory in the last chapter of her book. Slum clearance and low-rental housing can be attained under our present capitalistic system by the waiving of demands for high interest and short-term debt retirement; by a systematic attack on fictitious land values over a period of time; by the acceptance of the theory that good housing is as important as education and recreational facilities; by a crystallized public opinion that would undoubtedly fit a program of well-planned housing into any of our cities over a period of years.

The importance of housing to the future of our cities, from the material, economic, and social points of view has been excellently outlined by Miss Bauer. She has the ability to write about what would ordinarily be perhaps a rather dull economic and social subject in an interesting and exciting way. She has appended to her book some two hundred p i c t u r e s, which dramatize what she has written more effectively than anything that I have seen published. Her "before and after" photographs, that is to say photographs of areas before rehabilitation and the same areas after rehabilitation, speak volumes in behalf of the greatest social need in our urban life today.

Although it is obvious that Miss Bauer is somewhat embittered [illegible] on the whole impartial analysis of the housing problem and how it is being attacked in this rather depressed world.

There is no need for my recommending this book to those who have a real interest in housing. They will already have read it and will immediately appreciate its value. I only wish that the layman would pick it up so that he might learn something about how the evils about which Jacob Riis wrote thirty-five years ago may be cured. He, perhaps more than anybody else, called the slums to the attention of our ruling classes. They characteristically have done little about the condition. Miss Bauer's contribution is a valuable part of the next act in this drama of the slums—their eradication.

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Langdon W. Post is New York City Tenement House Commissioner.

On the Eve of War

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

MAN,
Do not despair;
You can surpass, with but a little care,
Nature's malevolent plan.

True,
The lion wreaks
His lust upon the lamb; talons and beaks
Sharpen on doves. But you,

Lord
Of earth and air,
Can flourish nonchalantly everywhere
Bomb, bayonet, gas, and sword.

You,
Only you can find
A formula for killing your own kind
With a fine phrase or two.

Clear
A great path abroad!
Strike down your brother for the love of God.
Prove you are master here.

Indicting the Corpse

AUTOPSY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Gaston Nerval. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by HIRAM BINGHAM

EXCESSIVELY annoyed because of a public address made by President Hoover's last Under Secretary of State, Raúl Diez de Medina, writing under the *nom de plume* of Gaston Nerval, has given us a vivid picture of our most famous foreign policy as it appears to many of our Southern neighbors. He calls his book an "Autopsy." Yet instead of analyzing the causes of the "death" of his *bête noire,* he has feverishly attempted to "indict" the corpse. It must be a pretty lively "corpse" because the indictment requires more than three hundred pages. True, Señor Diez keeps assuring us that the Monroe Doctrine is dead. "Of course it is dead," he says, "it has been dead for years." Unfortunately, however, Mr. William R. Castle, Jr., then Acting Secretary of State, Mr. Stimson being in London, "asserted" "that the Monroe Doctrine is the only explanation of the difference between independent Latin America and Colonial Africa." His failure to appreciate or at least to emphasize the difference between the "illiterate peoples of Africa" and the "degree of civilization" reached by South America "in the last century" infuriated supersensitive Latin Americans, particularly since he "spoke in the name of the Government of the United States." "Gaston Nerval" does not say so, but his scattered references to "near-sighted statesmen," "the ugly fate of Colonial Africa," and "African colonies so naively mentioned," lead one to suspect that the urge to produce the "Autopsy" came primarily from Mr. Hoover's lieutenant's unfortunate speech.

As might be expected from the title of the book if not from its sub-title, Señor Diez is not a historian, nor is his work a calm analysis. Actually it is a polemic, [illegible] tect our citizens, and who wish to enjoy unrestrained the right and practice of revolution because "in Latin America, more than anywhere else, revolution is the only safeguard against permanent despotism . . . the only guarantee of freedom."

Were its tone more calm, its criticism more fair, its attitude more judicial, it would be more likely to promote those friendly feelings of "Bolivarian Pan-Americanism" so earnestly desired by the author. Unfortunately his resentment is too deep seated to permit of temperate utterance. "Pan-Americanism of today" is "feeble, ill reputed, and hypocritical." It consists of "after-dinner toasts and xylophone solos"! The United States is the "self-appointed interpreter of the Monroe Doctrine." We "take seriously" our "self-appointed privileges of ascendency and dictum in the Western Hemisphere."

The fact that the Treaty of Versailles, in the Covenant of the League of Nations, refers to the Monroe Doctrine as a "regional understanding" makes the author fairly froth at the mouth. "Latin American countries denounce this policy." "G o v e r n m e n t s and public opinion throughout Latin America unanimously object to the classification of the Doctrine as a *regional* understanding."

The author charges that "the original Monroe Doctrine was not intended for the benefit of the Latin American republics." Was it intended for their hurt? Surely it was a brave gesture for a weak little country to make, even if done largely for self-protection. However, it galls his pride to admit any "debt of gratitude," hence "its results and merits have been grossly exaggerated" even by South Americans.

"It is worn out and useless"; but if need arose, "the United States could not afford to remain indifferent." Even though we are repeatedly assured the Doctrine is "worn out" and "dead," the author with most amazing *volte-face* asserts calmly that "the United States would hasten today to the help of a neighboring Latin

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American nation whose autonomy were in real danger." In other words, as Mark Twain would say, the account of its death has been "greatly exaggerated."

It is "unilateral," "egoistic." Granted. But that does not prove it is dead—only annoying to others.

It "stood in the way" of the path of real Pan-Americanism. Only in so far as it was the synonym of our national foreign policy: "no entangling alliances." And no more so than did the indifference of Chile and Argentina who paid no attention to Bolivar's Congress of Panama. We are unduly blamed for the weakness and partial failure of Pan-Americanism although the author casually admits that "only when the governments of most of the Latin American nations have become more truly representative of their people will the unity of their political and economic interests have any quality of permanency and effectiveness." This shows a keen grasp of the actual situation.

Another charge in his indictment of the Monroe Doctrine is that it has been "violated and disregarded" by the United States. This is true, but it is only another way of saying it is not a covenant, not a compact, only a convenient name for what our government has deemed to be a wise or expedient policy.

Again "it has been distorted to serve as an instrument of our hegemony," and "abused to serve as a cloak" for our intervention in the affairs of our neighbors, and "misconstrued" to "serve as the tool" of our "imperialism in the Caribbean area." A third of the "Autopsy" is devoted to proving these charges. It is perhaps unfortunate that so many of the most serious and damaging statements are mere quotes from Scott Nearing, whose animus was well known. It is significant that the story of our relations with Santo Domingo is based on unfriendly sources and that Sumner Welles's scholarly work is not even mentioned in the Bibliography.

As regards the Monroe Doctrine, it has for years been a source of unnecessary annoyance to the larger republics of the Temperate Zone in South America. But as long as the Panama Canal is considered to be a vital part of our national defense system, we must have a constant interest in the status of the Caribbean countries. Our Caribbean policy will probably always be feared and hated by our neighbors.

While this book is probably too violently partisan and anti-American to please the general reader or to become a standard authority on inter-American relations, nevertheless it is a very valuable book and should be in every library. It will be of real practical value in school and college debates. It will open the eyes of self-satisfied Americans, if there are any left! It does help fulfil Burns's wish to "see oursel's as ithers see us."

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Hiram Bingham, ex-Senator from Connecticut, is the author of "The Monroe Doctrine—an Obsolete Shibboleth." He has conducted successful archeological and exploring expeditions in Peru and Venezuela.

The Origin of the Indians

THE CONQUEST OF THE MAYA. By J. Leslie Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP AINSWORTH MEANS

BECAUSE most of us are more worried about our immediate future than we are about the distant past only a microscopic portion of the reading public is aware that, for more than four hundred years, a terrific battle has been carried on between two schools of thought each of which has sought to explain the origin of the natives of this hemisphere. Briefly defined the two schools are: the Diffusionists, who maintain that man was created only once and that all his culture is to be traced back to one source wherever it may be found; and the Special Evolutionists (to use but one of many designations), who believe that human culture has had many commencements in many lands and that in each it has evolved from the given start to greater or less advancement according to the effect upon it of such factors as environment, raw materials, and opportunity.

Practically all American anthropologists and archeologico-historians of good standing are Special Evolutionists, and they interpret similarities between widely separated cultures in terms of formative factors such as those indicated. In Europe and England, on the other hand, more than half of our colleagues are Diffusionists, and, with varying degrees of violence, lucidity, and eloquence, they interpret similarities, no matter how remote from one another in space and in time, in terms of direct contact between the older and the newer cultures involved.

In the book under review Mr. Mitchell is shooting on the Diffusionist side of the battle which has been going on ever since Columbus's curiosity got the better of his discretion in 1492. Most Americans, whether laymen or professional students, who take up this book will shy violently when they perceive that the Foreword is by G. Elliot Smith, one of the most entertainingly violent and absurdly erroneous of British Diffusionists; and they will feel a trifle sick when they notice how Mr. Mitchell's pages are measled o'er with that unspeakably barbaric word "Amerindian." Nevertheless, the book is thoroughly well worth reading with care. Taking it for what it is, namely, the latest and strongest plea for the Diffusionist interpretation of native American history, it is highly important. Nor does the fact that most American readers of Mr. Mitchell's pages will disagree with nearly every paragraph in the least lessen the value of the book as a statement of doctrine—or perhaps one should say, of dogma. That it will change any one's opinion on the controversial subjects of which it treats is highly improbable; that it will increase the already existing *odium archeologicum*—at least as virulent as the better known *odium theologicum*—is almost a certainty. This last is not due to any intemperance on Mr. Mitchell's part, for he writes as a scholar and a gentleman should even when querying his foes' ideas; rather, it is due to the fact that he revives many formerly moot points which most of us had long supposed to be defunct, and he makes them moot once more in a lively fashion.

So much space is devoted to the pre-Spanish history of the Maya and of their civilization, eight out of nine chapters, that very little space is left for the conquest of the Maya by the Spaniards. Judging from the title of the book this should have been the principal subject treated. As things stand, however, the intricate, heroic, and amazingly picturesque struggle between the might of Spain and the power of the Maya is skimped in most deplorable fashion. Beginning with the visit of F. Hernández de Córdoba to Yucatan in 1517 that struggle lasted until the conquest of the city of the Itzas on an island in Lake Peten in 1697, in which year Don Martín de Ursua y Arizmendi reduced the last representatives of the once imposing Maya civilization to obedience to the King of Castile. This long and absorbing story of a conflict which was in part military and political and in part spiritual is here poorly set forth in less than forty pages, much to the regret of this reviewer who had hoped that Mr. Mitchell would give it very different treatment.

Yet, in spite of the defects noted, the book has its very definite importance as an exponent of the all-civilizations-which-look-alike - are - directly - related school of history. It will make those who are already members of that school happy by giving them new interpretative phrases, and it will strengthen the rest of us in our belief that that school is self-deluded.

The Golden Age of Queen Victoria

(*Continued from first page*)

clothes that it is all but inconceivable that it could have accomplished anything worth while. He may be as grieved at the picture of the destruction of Nash's Regent Street colonnade in 1848 as a later generation has been grieved at the changes in that thoroughfare in the past decade.

Yet if he has the patience to read on and on, or even to select such parts as touch his interests, it is almost inconceivable that he will find it dull. On the contrary, somehow the spirit of the age gradually appears through accumulation of details, somehow, as they say now, it "gets across" to him. He may not be greatly concerned with the illuminating fact that during the Great Exhibition of 1851 its visitors consumed two million buns and more than a million bottles of mineral waters. He may not be thrilled by the peculiar circumstance that Mr. Childe of Kinlet Hall in Shropshire was the first who set the example of "hard riding" to

YOUNG GENTLEMEN, 1834
From "Early Victorian England."

hounds, or that Victorian bedrooms were furnished with "wash-hand-stands," foot baths, a "Sitz or hip bath" for the ladies, and a "flat saucer bath" for gentlemen, with other toilet facilities. He may, perhaps, be more interested in that Edward Lloyd who began to furnish the reading public with what it wanted—the *People's Police Gazette*, and novels like "Ada the Betrayed," and "Alice Horne, or the Revenge of the Blighted One"—and so kept abreast of the spread of education and made a fortune out of it. He may not care for the *Keepsake*, or the *Forget-me-not* which pleased our ancestresses. He may prefer

> The broken ring—the cumbered fight
> Heenanus' sudden blinded flight—
> Sayerius pausing, as he might,
> Just when ten minutes used aright
> Had made the fight his own.

Yet whatever his interest, he is sure to find something of it here—unless it be the law, or literature, or science, or invention! If one may venture a suggestion, it is that such a survey as this, characteristic as it is of many such surveys of social history, looks at life, as it were, too much from the bottom, not enough from the [illegible]. It stresses too much "the necessary lit[illegible]nesses of necessary life," too little "eternities and immensities." That scie[illegible] should have four brief references in a thousand pages, and philosophy not one, that Darwin is commemorated by the statements that "In Memoriam" was nine years older than the "Origin of Species," that the latter appeared in 1859, that its author reported favorably on the South Sea Islanders in 1835, that he made an "assault on the Victorian creed," and that his wife was Emma Wedgwood, seems somehow hardly adequate as a measure of a really great Victorian.

That is but one instance of a point of view which, as yet, vitiates so much "social" history. If one needs another in a different field, one may find it in William Morris, who is here immortalized by the statements that he gave up the church for art, that he financed the P. R. B., or Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, joint stock company, and that he was influenced by Ruskin. It would be easy, if unprofitable, to multiply instances. But surely a work like this, which professes to give us a wide-sweeping view of a great period, might have spared some of the space given to the descriptions of the working-class disabilities to explaining how and why the Victorian period was great by telling us something more of the great men who made it great, and not so much of the little men who contributed, let us say, not so much to that greatness. It needs another volume on law, philosophy, religion, literature, science, and invention, even, if you like, commerce, to make us understand, in full and ample chapters, the Golden Age of Queen Victoria.

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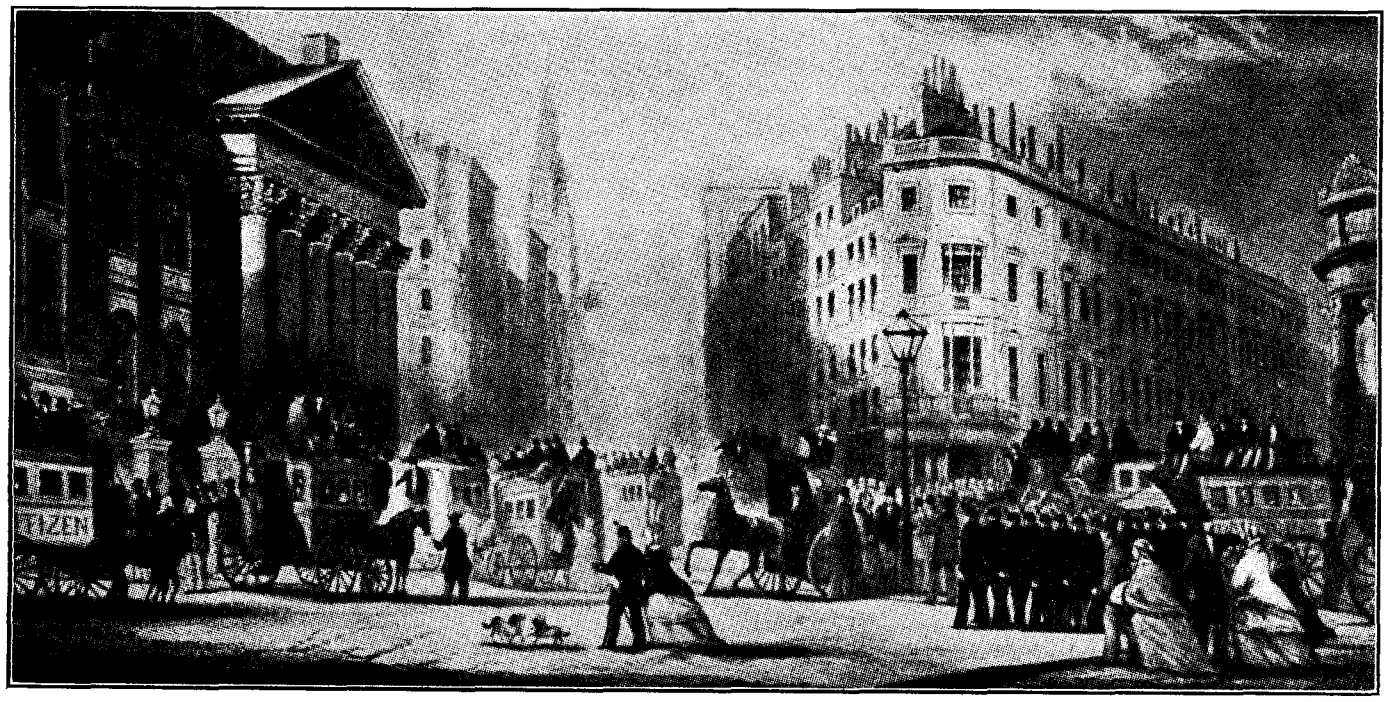
Wilbur Cortez Abbott is professor of history at Harvard University.



THE HUB OF THE CITY, 1851. *Reproduced in "Early Victorian England" from "The Face of London" by Harold P. Clunn.*

According to the London *Observer*, a play by Eberhard Wolfgang Möller, "Rothschild Won at Waterloo," has been received with high praise by the critics, who see in Herr Möller, still a young dramatist, one of the white hopes of the German drama. He has had several plays produced during the past few years, two of them dealing with the subject of money-power.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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"Near Print"

Printing unleashed the scholar, gave wings to poetry, made it possible to publish books written for the selected few. But the tide has turned. What gave the specialist his opportunity now hampers him. The cost of printing has risen since the nineteenth century until no book whose circulation is strictly limited by the nature of its contents can be published except at heavy expense to some one. The scholar in Indian languages, the author of excellent but intricate verse, the writers of other books that only a few will read but those devotedly, find the avenues of publication blocked. Many universities stipulate the publication of a thesis as part of the requirements of a Ph.D. A first-rate thesis in a specialized subject will often be restricted to a circulation which will cover not more than a tenth of its cost. For a published thesis a student may have to pay a third of his first year's salary.

These difficulties and many more are discussed in an excellent report of The Joint Committee on Materials for Research of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council. But the author, Robert C. Binkley of Western Reserve University, is not so much discouraged as indignant that so little use has been made of the new arts which are supplementing type. Manuscripts can be reproduced by photo-offset at small expense. Micro-copying, in which a page of print is photographically reduced twenty-two diameters in size and copied on a strip of film 16 mm. wide and 200 feet long, makes possible the projection of the text in legible form at a cost so low that a half million pages can be distributed for $600. Micro-copying "offers the reader a book production system more elastic than anything he has had since the 15th century; it will respond to the demand for a single copy, regardless of other market prospects. The scholar in a small town can have the resources of great metropolitan libraries at his disposal." To these methods may be added mimeographing, which should be much cheaper as soon as certain patents expire, and hectographing (printing from typescript laid on a gelatin bed). Scholarship, Mr. Binkley says, has been strangely resistant to these new techniques, nor have writers whose chief desire is communication realized that they are not necessarily restricted by the high costs of book publication, in which any circulation under 2,000 is apt to mean either a loss to the publisher or an inordinately high price for the book. There are most interesting implications in these new processes. The amateur scholar, the university professional, the small-town reader, the unknown creative writer who cannot get a publisher's ear, the author of tracts for the times, etc., etc., all may profit with results not easily to be guessed. Printed books and printers are not likely to be seriously affected. These new "near print" methods are complements to, not substitutes for, the printer's craft.

Following the recent death of Francis Birrell, Humbert Wolfe writes of him in the London *Observer:* "He was Augustine Birrell's son—*patre dulci filius dulcior*. . . . His life in London was a singular combination of private devotion and public wit. . . . He wrote fluently (and sometimes angrily) as a dramatic critic for the *Nation,* and as a reviewer for the *New Statesman* and the *Nation* his shafts were always reserved for reputations that could afford assault, his enthusiasms for the defenceless and the dead."

"GET THAT TASTEE COOKIE SONNET IN BY THREE-THIRTY, MARSTON, OR BACK YOU GO TO THE LIMERICK DEPARTMENT."

Letters to the Editor: *Plebiscite Returns for Mrs. Gerould*

From Scribner's Magazine

SIR:—In that paradoxical manner which is often part of an essayist's charm, Mrs. Gerould deplores statistical articles in an article which calls for statistics. Expressing spiritedly her distaste for factual articles appearing in the best magazines and her love for the essay, she asks, "Do most magazine readers really enjoy what editors are giving them?" She calls for a plebiscite of readers, confidently believing the answer to be a resounding "No!"

To get the statistics over with as soon as possible: early returns indicate that Mrs. Gerould's party polls three per cent of the vote. A cross-section of our readers was asked to express frank opinions on the magazine and their reading requirements. A large majority approved the present policy without specific comment. Three per cent indicated sympathy with Mrs. Gerould's point of view. Twenty-two per cent specifically asked for continuation of the articles, for more articles, and for more facts. The reader who asked for "more literary, less sociological material" was matched by a half dozen who wanted articles "that give facts, not impressions or conclusions.—And all the facts." It is neither the "books hot from the press" nor the newspapers but the magazines which give most of these people their interpretation of contemporary affairs. Newspapers are too much of a day-to-day patchwork, and books usually follow the magazine discussions.

Although I can understand and sympathize with Mrs. Gerould's point of view, I think that in her eagerness to make a case she has been a little loose in her descriptions. She appropriates all the virtues for the essay and describes current magazine articles as "facts raw, unpondered, unalchemized." It seems to me that Henry A. Wallace's "We Are More Than Economic Men" or Bernard Iddings Bell's "The Present Status of Religion among Thinking Men" in the December *Scribner's* could hardly be called such. Nor can "The New Medievalism," by Ernest Boyd in the January *Scribner's* or Charles A. Beard's "National Politics and War" in the coming February number.

If essays such as Mrs. Gerould describes were being written, *Scribner's* would print them unless we were trampled by other editors rushing for the privilege. She admits that people of today are not lured by dissertations on roast pig, but does not seem to see that most of the professed essayists write on nothing more important. I suspect from other statements in Mrs. Gerould's article that she simply does not care much for the life of the present day and looks back with some regret at the comparative tranquillity of the turn of the century. Her point of view is quite similar to that expressed by Mrs. Wharton in her autobiography. The essay flourishes in a time of peace and stability and finds favor in other days among those who are not required to bother too much about the social turmoil at their door. This is not an age of polite letters, and writing has ceased to be the province of the cultured. (Mrs. Gerould names only one living essayist, who now writes rarely, and she also expresses the opinion that America has only one considerable poet now living. Obviously magazines cannot exist on the work of these two.) It is an age of explorers rather than philosophers. I hope that we are beginning to see a glimmer of the day when we may appraise the present in terms of the effect of these new forces on the individual spirit—then perhaps the essay will be reborn.

We long for the great men and the great literary minds, but they are not in evidence, because if these geniuses exist they are now busy finding out what the new world is. The same is true of fiction. The magazines Mrs. Gerould mentions have given a hospitable reception to the new talent which shows itself. Far from losing interest in the short story, we are showing more interest in it than ever. The magazines represent their age. If one finds no joy in the age, one may find no joy in the expression of it.

With the expansion of published books and the contraction of book shelves, I doubt whether bound volumes of magazines, be they never so good, would find place in many libraries. And isn't a part of the interest in magazines thirty years old attributable to the reputation which the authors have since gained and to the glamor of the past? I, too, have tried bound magazines as reading matter, and I must say I think the magazines of today are by comparison loaded with human interest. The magazines of 1900, which Mrs. Gerould mentions as a readable year, contain articles bearing such titles as "Rapid Transit in New York," "The Problems of a Pacific Cable," "Are the Philippines Worth Having?," "Russia of To-Day," "The Boer as a Soldier." I'd rather read an article on Iowa farmers than one on the death masks of Cæsar.

ALFRED DASHIELL,
Managing Editor, Scribner's Magazine.
New York City.

Planning Future Mistakes

SIR:—Replying to Mrs. Gerould's plebiscite, it is first necessary to give the "dope" on Mrs. Gerould. In the August *Atlantic* for 1928 appeared her charming yet forceful essay, "The Sense of the Future." Therein she bade all good Americans "to bring back the future into our most practical meditations." . . . Following Mrs. Gerould's advice the ardent young intelligentsia got busy planning future mistakes; the middle-aged pundits have had their hands full suppressing the youngsters; which left the aged philosophers to bear the burden of setting a fresh set of values upon mistakes in general. Now mistakes, well digested, are the very salt and spit of all good literature, as they are of life. But who is there left to read the ponderings of maturity, when the propositions of juvenility are so insistent?

This writer, for another, is fed up with "Hitler and hogs." He subscribes to the *Saturday Evening Post,* to *The Literary Digest,* and to *The Saturday Review.* The first two are family institutions, like bacon-and-eggs and the matutinal last drop of coffee. The last gives him all the "dope" of the day mellowed-in-the-wood. He reads it from cover to cover, and fills in the picture by stopping at the book-stalls and buying an occasional "mag." Literature is a matter of personality. When such names appear as Katharine Fullerton Gerould, or Edward Newton, or Agnes Repplier, one short sally, loose or tight, is worth its weight in platinum. For the rest, the staid old monthlies can go hang, and a pox upon the lot!

AINSLIE HEWETT.
Louisville, Ky.

Nostalgia

SIR:—Twenty years ago—as I remember it—Mrs. Gerould wrote for the *Atlantic* an essay on "the extirpation of culture." Her recent request for a plebiscite is reminiscent of that earlier nostalgia for good old days. . . . I wouldn't trade one of the essays which Veblen wrote for the *Dial* of those days or, more recently, that which Charles Beard wrote for *The Saturday Review,* for any of the literary trifles for which Mrs. Gerould seems to mourn. . . .

Mrs. Gerould is complacent, slightly irritating. My plebeian vote is in favor of the present and future against the past.

J. M.
Maplewood, N. J.

Friend in the Desert

SIR:—Reading Katharine Fullerton Gerould's article was to me like meeting a friend in the desert. . . .

Doubtless, the reason for the ephemeral quality of the mill-run of magazine articles is due to specialization of everything—even writers—in the past few decades. Writers were careful not to venture outside some narrow field of vision lest they break some unwritten, modern taboo. What we need now, is less of analysis and more of synthesis. . . .

CORA CORMIER.
Shelton, Washington.

Heartily Agrees

SIR:—With Mrs. Gerould's point of view I heartily agree. In our magazines today we discover where the N.R.A. pinches the business man's tender foot; the latest scientific plans of Russia for the development of waterways; curious and interesting psychological peculiarities brought to light by enterprising professors; criticism of the American Legion, and a bombardment of retorts. . . .

I have no quarrel with these articles per se. Yet I deplore the tendency, as Mrs. Gerould says, "toward journalism." The magazine is becoming more and more a vehicle *to inform.* Informing is not the prime function of literature. . . .

EDITH I. MILES.
Sea Cliff, N. Y.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Little, Brown.* A completely revised edition of an admirable book.

A WINTER DIARY. By MARK VAN DOREN. *Macmillan.* A collection of lyrics and longer poems.

BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY. By CHARLES R. KNIGHT. *Whittlesey.* Prehistoric beasts and man against their natural environment pictured by word and brush.

This Less Recent Book:

ANDREW JACKSON. By MARQUIS JAMES. *Bobbs-Merrill.* A biography which carries its hero's career to the presidency.

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Speeding to the Bottom

OUTWARD BOUND FROM LIVERPOOL. By Edouard Peisson. Translated from the French by C. R. Benstead. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THIS fictional account of sea disaster, says the publisher's warning, "does not reflect on any steamship line or any maritime company. Rather it reflects on the public which constantly demands greater speed. . . . The described situation might well be possible in either France, England, or America if this mad rush for speed continues."

Whatever the disclaimers, the story (powerfully told; it conveys a horrid sense of foreboding) inevitably recalls a famous tragedy many years ago. It is timely now that public realization of continuing sea peril has been sharpened by many recent events. *The Star of the Seas,* a great British superliner, the biggest and fastest in the world, is sent out on her maiden voyage under orders to break the transatlantic record "at any cost." Captain Davis is chosen for the command; he is known as a lucky skipper who has never had an accident. A secret rumor moves among the officers that there is a defect in the great ship's construction: she is too long for her structural cohesion, and in danger of hogging or sagging. In spite of fog and reported ice Captain Davis drives her desperately, at 28 knots. She grazes a berg, but apparently the damage is not serious; then, when she is listed to repair the leak in the forepeak, her faulty construction gives way amidships. She goes down.

We have a French author writing about a supposedly English ship, which may account for some suggestions of melodrama which weaken the force of his serious purpose. But the narration is excellent; absorbing to any lover of ships. There is no attempt to overcapitalize the horrors of the actual foundering. As a reminder of permanent hazards of the sea the book has value. It's a pity that M. Peisson lessens the power of his theme by attributing complete lunacy to the owners. Even in the most frenzied era of ocean racing we doubt if a commander was ever instructed to disregard all risks for the sake of a record crossing. Technical details of sea routine are cleverly suggested; the author avoids comparison with existing ships by giving *The Star of the Seas* coalfires and stokers.

Lady Honored of Zeus

ARTEMIS, FARE THEE WELL. By Helena Carus. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

READERS of Plato will remember how in the "Symposium" one of the finest and most essential passages in Platonism is deliberately given to us at many removes. Whether he wished to evade the direct responsibility for expressing the all but inexpressible, or for whatever reason, Plato puts the story in the mouth of Apollodorus, who relates to a companion the course of the drinking-bout which was told to him by Aristodemus of Cydathenæum, at which the subject for discussion was love, and of which the climax was the discourse of Socrates; and Socrates gives the heart of his speech as something that was told him by a Mantinean wise woman, Diotima. "Artemis, Fare Thee Well" is an attempt to imagine the story of this wisest of the wise, and to show how, as Plato learned from Socrates and Socrates from Diotima, Diotima learned from circumstance her doctrine of love.

It is a bold effort; and it has much in its favor. It is backed by a knowledge of Greek religion (so different a thing from Greek mythology); it employs that matter-of-fact use of the supernatural which gives so much of their peculiar power to the historical novels of Mrs. Naomi Mitchison; and it proceeds according to a clear plan. Diotima is shown first as one of a band of virgins dedicated to Artemis, innocent of all love, and won, in spite of the taboo, by a stranger who disguises himself as a girl and joins the band for love of her. Then, when her husband must go away first to the Persian War and then for the expiation of one of those guiltless sins that fill Greek tragedy, Diotima's love for him is shown as growing less possessive. The birth of her child teaches her a still more unselfish love, and the death of her child makes her love wider still, and so the Fates drive her up that ascent up which, in the epilogue, she leads Socrates, from the crudest love to the most divine.

There is much in this that is good. The scene, especially, of the farewell between Diotima and her husband, shows scholarship infused with imagination. But of the book as a whole one can only say that it wants vitality. It is like a painting by David or a statue by Canova—classical, lovely, and lifeless. At the end one still feels of the Diotima here, that she is a graceful figure, but not the witty woman who turned the Socratic method on Socrates; that she is not the almost angelic figure who sums up Platonic love. One still thinks of that Diotima as one of Socrates's many myths, chosen, perhaps, for her name—the Lady Honored of Zeus, of the Town of Prophecy.

The Last of a Race

THE STORM. By Olav Duun. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

THIS, the sixth and last volume of the history of the Juvikings, ends their story in a burst of powerful narrative that culminates in the grim dawn of a new day, a final balance for an old family and an old race. Olav Duun has taken the reader a long road, from the beginnings of a family, lusty, proud, and sure, through long wanderings when their savage strength was corroded by the sharp inward bite of conscience, and a half felt sense of social responsibility and fear, to a successful but tragic goal. Odin, the last of a great strain, manages to subdue the old heathen strength to nobler uses than it had known before, and tradition and the past become no longer bulwarks against the future but driving forces. The Juvikings had been brought low by their very strength; they had sought to dominate the whole society of a coast valley and that society had broken and scattered them, driven them to drink or fanatic religion. Odin uses the old strength and the old pride to break down outworn conventions, and hostile individualism. He is in no sense building a new social order, but making the old one work by sturdy common sense, and steady realization that the community about him is composed of very fallible and very individual persons.

That is the philosophical theme, but more simply the novel is the story of a young man with a sense of humor, who manages to sit on the more violent manifestations of his ego, and who refuses to deal with the world in terms of abstractions or theories. This little microcosm of a fjord village seethes with all the ferments of living, and all kinds of persons good and bad who go about their cheerful, malicious, or pious businesses with that absorbing illusion of reality that makes a novel interesting—and great.

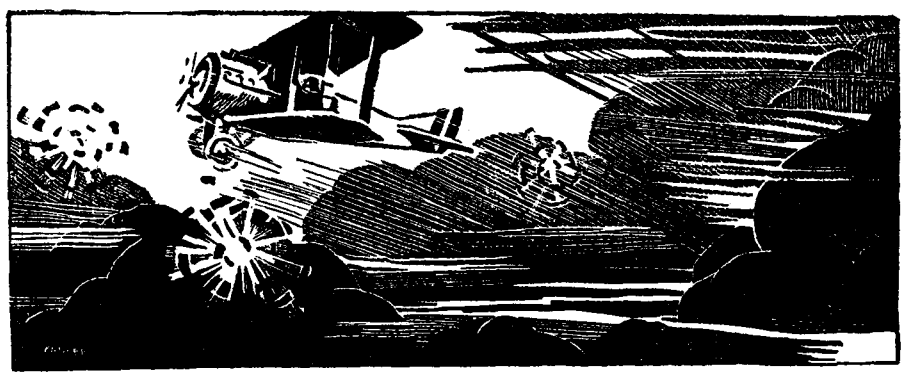
Mr. Duun's picture is no nostalgic drawing of a past era, nor a romantic or realistic sketching of a class, but an interpretation of living that has validity anywhere, any time. The author's figures transcend their background, and no theories have cut athwart his point of view to limit or distort it.

A Romantic Record of War in the Air

HEAVEN HIGH—HELL DEEP. By Norman Archibald. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WHEN Norman Archibald was posted to the 95th squadron of the First Pursuit Group, in July, 1918, he reached the goal towards which he had set his face more than a year before, when he had left Seattle to join the American Air Service. He was at the front at last, and at the end of what had seemed a long and discouraging obstacle race. He was at the front, sure of the rightness of his cause, burning with ambition to distinguish himself as a flyer, and boyishly proud of the wings he wore. Some two months later, after experiencing the daily routine of a fighting pilot's life and playing his part in the Château Thierry show, he was shot down behind the German lines and taken prisoner. He remained a prisoner, in several camps and through varying degrees of hardship, until he was released through Switzerland after the armistice. This book is the record of his great adventure, which began on the Pacific coast, carried him through Texas, England, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and ended in the free air of Paris.



It is a romantic, sentimental, naive record that will doubtless grip many hearts and excite many readers. But it is not an important addition to the still scanty literature of the war in the air. It is far closer to popular magazine fact and fiction than it is to such a masterpiece as V. M. Yeates's recently published "Winged Victory." Mr. Archibald obviously pretends to no literary gifts, and he has sought to tell his story in manly, downright fashion; but like many another amateur author he has unfortunately been infected by the bad, cheap writing that is always all around us. As a result, his most profoundly felt experiences and emotions are translated into banal phrases and hackneyed patterns, and when he seeks to recall his thoughts and actions, he recalls them in the falsely romantic and falsely sentimental terms that are dear to our most widely circulated magazines. His means of expression do far less than justice to what he has to express.

To support such charges with convincing evidence is impossible in a brief review, for the faults of which I speak permeate the entire first half of Mr. Archibald's narrative. (They are far less evident when he comes down to earth and imprisonment.) Another fault, or rather a confession of verbal weakness, is Mr. Archibald's reliance for effect upon such devices as italics, exclamation points, and capital letters. His descriptions of actual flights and fights are commonplace and lacking at once in precision and evocative power. To insist again upon a comparison that is absolutely fair, and useful for the purposes of critical judgment, I may say that many pages of "Winged Victory" made me literally sweat, coldly sweat, with communicated fear and sympathetic excitement,—and that there are no such pages, for me at least, in "Heaven High—Hell Deep." Mr. Yeates has succeeded in translating the life of the single-seater fighting pilot into literature; Mr. Archibald has merely made an addition to the mediocre mass of aviators' diaries, reminiscences, and stories, that has piled up during the past twenty years. But mediocrity often has its own reward, in the shape of a popularity denied to superior work.

DRAWINGS BY ALLEN PALMER, FROM "HEAVEN HIGH—HELL DEEP"

Ben Ray Redman, the author of "Down in Flames," served with the Royal Flying Corps on the Ypres front.

Louis Napoleon's Story

(*Continued from first page*)

cal novel, "The Devil," which won the Kleist Prize in 1926—Germany's most important literary award. His play, "The Patriot," was made over into Emil Jannings's most successful American moving picture vehicle. I don't doubt but what "Another Caesar" will be the basis for an historical "talkie," and there are scenes in it that lend themselves beautifully to such treatment. For instance, the seduction of Colonel Vaudrey, in the Strasbourg conspiracy, by the Amazonian singer Eléonore Brault-Gordon. (Her seduction of Louis Napoleon himself, by the way, is an earlier high point of farce Already the book has been translated ir Dutch, French, Italian, and Czech.

The plot of the book is the story Louis Napoleon's life, and Mr. Neumann possesses a command of dramatic narrative. The book is packed with color. My criticism is that, in this day and generation, an historical novel as long as this takes some reading, unless the style has absolute magic. Mr. Neumann's has not; and at times I found myself plodding through detail that I resented, as I resented the too great amplification of obvious passages. "Resented" is, perhaps, too strong a word, but criticism was implicit in my straying attention and my desire to skip. Casting about for a parallel I can only say that such were not my feelings when years ago I read another large historical volume, Merejkovski's "Leonardo Da Vinci."

At the same time, there is one thing sure; this writer has most of the qualifications for an outstanding historical novelist. What he lacks may be something that has been lost in the translation, though I do not believe so. It is the gift of an individual style. I do not feel a distinctly Neumann imprint upon this work. I feel only a highly capable anonymity.

This particular historical novel will supply you an ingredient usually lacking in such work; this is the element of humor. Mr. Neumann is perfectly aware of the lugubrious nature of much of Louis Napoleon's activity. Pity is here, and the ability to look on the picture realistically, and also—there are inevitably the moments of comedy; even sometimes, as I indicated above, the moments of farce.

But the book is too prolix. Yet when has German writing had the light touch? Virtues here are in the richness of the tapestry and in the gallery of remarkable figures: the father, tortured and a weakling; the extraordinary Persigny, slave, prophet, and publicity-man of the Napoleonic idea; the earlier Le Bas, Republican and revolutionary instructor of Louis; the mother, Hortense, of whom the significant epitaph was to be "Fortuna Infortuna Fortuna"; and so on. Read Guedalla alongside of Neumann if you will, but "Another Caesar" is most certainly worth your perusal.

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The Bowling Green

XIV. Lessons in Spanish

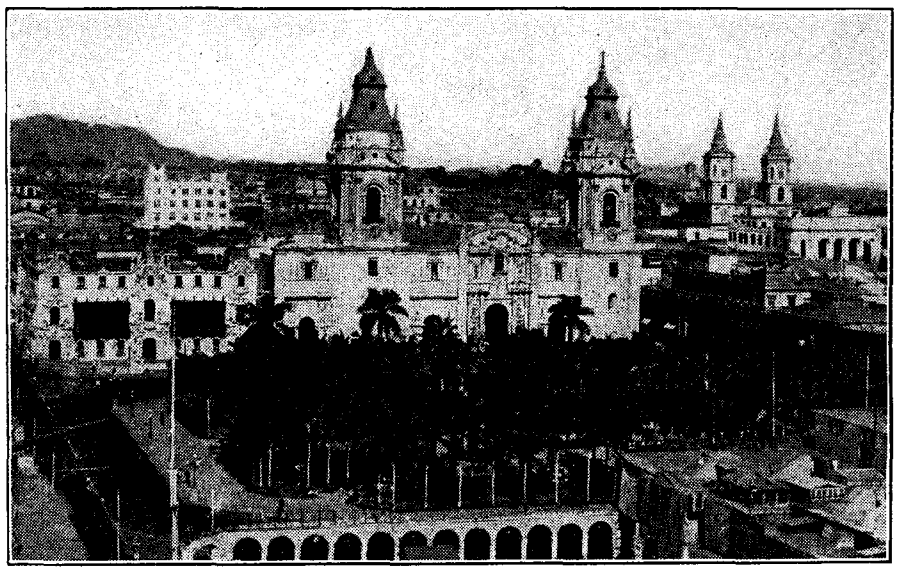
"WHEN our frigate lay in Callao," writes Herman Melville at the beginning of *White Jacket*—and to my great regret that's all he says about that famous harbor. I suppose the sailors weren't given much shore leave. I would love to know what were his impressions of Callao, and Lima (seven miles away). Charles Darwin had been there a few years earlier (in 1835) and gives in his journal a most grievous report. Literary travelers have not been kind to Lima. Even Bryce, you remember, spent only three hours there—which he expanded into seven pages in his *South America*. "A pretty sample of the art of effective travel," says Herbert Fisher, Bryce's biographer. It seems to me a little hasty. We spent two weeks in and around Lima, and as I think back about it I am appalled at my ignorance. I can only set down a few admittedly outward glimpses, without subjecting them to treatment. As an example of naiveté: while we were being driven round the city, the first day, I noticed a building called CAJA DE AHORROS. The Chamber of Horrors, I said to myself: probably relics of the Spanish Inquisitions; too gruesome for the children but I'll go and have a look privately. I found my way there later, and discovered that it means Savings Bank.

These notes can perhaps be useful in showing how little the tourist is likely to learn. It is not entirely his own fault. Our first day, for instance, was vivid but confusing: we were taken in charge by the kind, well-meaning but relentless guide whom I shall call Mr. Lemon Pie. A Hollander by birth he had once lived in the States where he contracted a great passion for that pastry, apparently scarce in Peru. In moments of relaxation he would brood sadly on memories of lemon meringue and other Northamerican succulents. Evidently he had been instructed by the steamship office that his clients were to see as many sights as possible, without delay. So without even opportunity to unpack our bags at the hotel we were hastened briskly about, from bull ring to basilica, from the President's Palace to the Country Club, passing gradually from ecstasy to indignation. The attention-faculties of a newly arrived stranger are always very tender; it is well not to overstrain them.

Somewhere along the coast a very beautiful big green mantis had flown aboard the ship; it had been rescued by Blythe, and our first concern, even before admiring strange trees and the old Spanish fort, was to rusticate this creature in a safe spot. As we drove along the fine boulevard from Callao toward Lima, Mr. L. P. held the mantis firmly between a powerful finger and thumb. It seemed aggrieved and raised its arms in gestures of imprecation. Blythe was disturbed. Eventually it was released, where Mr. L. P. said it would be quite cheerful—in the park surrounding a hospital—but the resolution with which the insect was held was symbolic of the grasp upon ourselves until we had done our stint. Friendly, but very determined. So do not expect precise detail about some of the things we saw. I expect I shall always be puzzled about a charming suburban villa, with a tangle of garden behind it, which is now the headquarters of the corps d'élite, the Guarda Republicana, but was once associated with a lady called Perricholi. I gathered vaguely that she was the favorite of some ancient viceroy, and that Perricholi (which seems to mean something doggish) was his pet name for her; and I believe that *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* (which I have not read) tells about her. But all I remember is a somewhat parched and bushy garden, with a stone bath and small water-trenches, a tea-tree, and a handsome young officer in shiny riding boots who gallantly cut some flowers for the ladies. *Muchas gracias* was about the limit of our Spanish, so we exchanged elegant bows, and grunts of pleasure. Irrigation is everywhere necessary in Lima for grass and flowers, and I often wished to remark that my mind also was a desert of nouns; until it could be irrigated with a few verbs it was impossible to raise good small talk. But this sentiment was too complicated, nor have I worked it out yet. *Cabeza mia está arenosa, sin agua no puedo cultivar palabras* does not seem, somehow, to get the idea across.

If Bryce had paid his three-hour visit to Lima that August day he would have reported a brilliantly sunny climate. But this was a day of exception, for during the Peruvian winter (June to November) the weather is pretty sure to be damp and misty along the coast. It is quite true that it never actually rains, but there is a fine chill drizzle which has almost the same effect. The small suggestions most valuable to travelers are hardly ever made: mine is to beware of rubber heels on their damp pavements which are often of decorated tile and incredibly slippery. I noticed that the newspapers of Lima do not bother to print weather forecasts: everyone knows what it will be. No one bothers much about this cool gray vapor that wreathes over the city in winter, for by going a few miles inland, up toward the mountains, you rise into a region of dazzling sunshine. As you come down from the hills, by train or car, you see the great bank of fog, silver and oyster-color, blanketing the town. Sometimes in late afternoon the mist suddenly breaks, and reveals the distant cordillera, ribbed and grained with amethyst light. The general grayness of the air gives special brio to occasional notes of color: the red linings of policemen's capes, flapped over their shoulders; the great yellow cathedral. It is odd to see a city evidently tropical in humor and construction set in a cold London gloom. Most of the houses are built without provision for fires; you understand why the Limeños sit such long hours at dinner, with wine and food and their perpetual carioca tune. It's to keep warm.

Our purposes were utterly innocent; we had nothing to sell, no submarines nor material of war; only a desire to expose the sensitive film of the mind and see what would appear on the *revelaciones* (as the signs called photographic prints). The notices in the bedrooms of the Gran Hotel Bolivar listed among the Obligaciones del Pasajero, "*Guardar moralidad en general*" and I think we did. The only exception perhaps was when Titania, taking the two small girls to a "vermouth" (the 6.30 p.m. performance) at the movies, was refused admittance; the film, she was told, was *No Recomendable para Senoritas*. As the children had already seen the picture at home, without moral breakdown, their mother was distressed. Now that I think of it, however, I wonder if our conduct in the matter of the pink tickets was strictly correct? Every few days our friend Señor Gomez from the steamship office would lay in our hands a sheaf of pink meal tickets. These stated that the bearer, "Grace Tourist," was good for a meal at any one of various hostelries. Now at our hotel there was a vast table d'hote dining room on the main floor which was cold, pale, and tardy of service; the food was (if I may be frank) uninspired—except the ever-delicious *palta*, a kind of alligator pear, and the glorious coffee. The roast beef and the cabinet pudding and that sort of thing were rather dreary after our exciting meals aboard ship. I believe some sort of waiters' strike was in progress, which may have embarrassed the management; at any rate, our attempts to elicit something as apparently simple as orange juice (*jugo de naranjas*, if you can manage those j's) would have caused laughter in a dinosaur. But downstairs in the basement was a little grillroom, with bright lights, and dancing, and meats turning warmly on a spit. Many times did the waiter explain to us that the pink tickets were no good in the grill, only upstairs. We firmly refused to understand. We gradually made the round of the grill's excellent menu, particularly *corbina* (a delicious fish), *lomo de chancho* (loin of pork), *riñones de cordero* (lambs' kidneys) and *cabrito* (little goat), laid a generous tip beside the pink tickets, murmured the prayerbook rubric "collect for Grace," and left the *mozo* to argue it out with the maitre d'hotel. The pleasures of dealing with an unknown language are impossible to exaggerate. I think the children's favorite word on the menu was *panqueque*, which was not hard to guess among the *postres* (excellent term for dessert). But they were disappointed when they ordered *ciruelas*, which sound so exotic, and found them the homely prune.



THE CATHEDRAL, LIMA

While on so lowly a theme perhaps I can mention Chuquitanta. We had decided, as in France, to stick to bottled water. Knowing that unless one were specific it would probably be carbonated, I tackled the chambermaid. (Incidentally the lack of a brief way of saying *please* is embarrassing to the beginner in Spanish. To say every time *Haga Usted el favor* is too laborious.) My inspiration was *Agua no fft-fft*, which pleased her. She brought bottles of *Chuquitanta sin gaz*, which became as familiar a companion as the old pink-labelled Evian in France. *Chuquitanta*, lovely word, is the name of a mineral spring near Lima; I meant to go and visit it but never got there. It "excites the whole digestive tube." When we went to the horse races I was sorry we were too late for the first one, in which a horse called Chuquitanta had run. I would have bet on him. And going up the mountains by train, some days later, the sound of the laboring engine was exactly that, persistently repeated: *Chuquitanta sin gaz, Chuquitanta sin gaz.*

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Process of Editing Boswell

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON. Vols. I-IV. Edited by G. B. Hill. Revised by L. F. Powell. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $28.

Reviewed by CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

BOSWELL'S "Life of Johnson" has been from the first a much-edited book. In a codicil to his last will and testament, dated December 22, 1785, Boswell gave to his friend Edmond Malone all his "collection of papers and letters and memorandums for writing the life of Dr. Johnson." His intimacy with Malone had now extended over some years, and Boswell had "entire confidence" in his "discretion, honor, and talents." Of such ability Malone had already given the biographer full evidence, for he had assisted him in the composition of the "Tour to the Hebrides," which had been published in the autumn of this year. In that book the "Life of Johnson" was announced as in preparation; but it consisted as yet of a chaos of unarranged documents. It was the work of the next five and a half years to bring them into that permanent form which we now know as "The Life of Samuel Johnson"; and in that work the constant assistance, advice, and encouragement of Edmond Malone were of paramount importance. Without Malone, Boswell might well have fallen under the burden which he had assumed.

The "Life" was published in May, 1791; a second edition, with new materials, was ready in 1793, and in 1795, the year of the biographer's death, another revision was under way. In all this work Malone had given his help, so that after the death of Boswell he was in an ideal position to take up the task of editing the work which had been entrusted to him, in the event of the biographer's death, some ten years before. The third edition was brought by Malone to the point of publication in 1799, and established the text which is now commonly regarded as the standard. The footnotes which Malone added to it are signed "M."

Malone, who lived until the year 1812, remained the official editor of the work, and the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions were published by him. Some nineteen years later (1831) a new editor appeared in the person of John Wilson Croker, then in his fifty-first year. He added information of great importance, notably material regarding the Boswell family which he received from Sir Walter Scott. He attempted to unite the "Tour to the Hebrides" with the "Life," by inserting the earlier work in its chronological position in the biography, to the injury of both works which were thus thrown seriously out of proportion. The edition was savagely criticized in *The Edinburgh Review* by Macaulay, who detested Croker, as "ill compiled, ill arranged, ill written, and ill printed." Perhaps, after all, Macaulay did good service to Croker, for the edition after a considerable revision remained standard for over half a century, which is as long as any such work may hope to survive unrevised.

At last, nearly half a century later, an editor appeared with the adequate scholarship for his task and adequate leisure in which to exercise it—George Birkbeck Hill, whose work, in six volumes, was published by Oxford University in 1887. He was already well known as a Johnsonian scholar, and although afflicted by ill health, completed an edition which the present editor, Mr. L. F. Powell, has only attempted to revise. It is not too much to say that this is one of the most admirable editions of a classic produced by an English scholar. There were, of course, trifling faults in Hill's editorial methods of which it seems almost ungracious to speak. In his enthusiasm for editing he burdened the text with a good deal of unnecessary annotation. He set down the source of "To be or not to be: that is the question," and of familiar quotations from the Psalter. In illustrative passages drawn from authors contemporary with Boswell, he passes from topic to topic until the reader loses all recollection of the reference in Boswell which they are supposed to elucidate. This volubility—the desire to tell the reader "all about it"—is manifest in his preface

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of 1887, in which with Boswellian detail he narrates his experiences as editor.

It would seem that the time had come to abbreviate this discursiveness, a process which is the more necessary because of the great store of editorial material which has been stored up during the present century. The "Johnsonian Gleanings" of Mr. Lyell Reade, the publication of the Boswell Papers by Professor Pottle, and the collection of Johnson's letters by Dr. Chapman, to mention only three of the largest achievements, create an embarrassment of riches which imposes upon an editor an imperative need of condensation.

With this drastic procedure the Oxford University Press will have nothing to do. Hill's editorial hegemony must be preserved at whatever cost. Mr. Powell must be content with the role of reviser. Even the original pagination is retained, so that the mass of Mr. Powell's new matter must be relegated to an appendix. This is peculiarly unfortunate, since Hill multiplied appendices, all of which must of course be preserved. The result is that in the four volumes of the edition now published there are twenty-six appendices. In each volume the final appendix includes Powell's new matter. Strictly speaking this is no proper material for an appendix, but should have been distributed through the notes. Mr. Powell's briefer comments are fitted into the interstices of the footnotes with a skill suggestive of that of the amateur of jigsaw puzzles. But of course these briefer comments have to be distinguished from Hill's notes, and they are therefore enclosed in pointed brackets. Their presence is called to the attention of the reader by an entirely new set of symbols, which, together with sets already present in the earlier edition, brings the total up to four. Boswell's notes are indicated in the traditional manner (asterisk, dagger, etc.); Hill's notes by Arabic figures; the newly recorded differences in the text of the first three editions of the "Life" are indicated by the letters of the alphabet (they have a special place of their own between the text and the footnotes); and to Mr. Powell's new notes we are directed by a new font of asterisks, daggers, etc. It is all a magnificent display of typographical ingenuity, and has been highly commended by English reviewers. But reviewers, though they may sometimes read the books committed to them, are seldom habitual users of them; and they are therefore no fit judges of a work of scholarship. The difficulty of finding out exactly what has been added to our knowledge of the great "Life" requires a perpetual oscillation back and forth between footnotes and appendices.

One advantage there is in this exclusion of Mr. Powell's more important notes to a final appendix. It does assemble, though in four different places, his more significant discoveries. And they are numerous. In Volume I, for example, the appendix of new matter extends to thirty-two pages; in Volume II to sixty-five pages; in Volume III to seventy-five pages; and in the last volume to something over a hundred. All this confusion might have been avoided if the Oxford Press had been willing to encourage Mr. Powell to prepare a wholly new edition.

It would seem inevitable that we should come at last to realize that what is needed is a variorum edition of the "Life," with the pertinent comment of Malone, Croker, Hill, Powell, and other scholars distributed throughout the footnotes, and with such condensation of Hill's appendices as shall preserve what is really significant and discard what is unnecessary or antiquated. To such an edition of the "Life of Johnson" the world will come in time. It might appropriately have been undertaken in our day, had the Clarendon Press been willing to see Hill's edition superseded. As it is, its appearance will now be delayed for another half century.

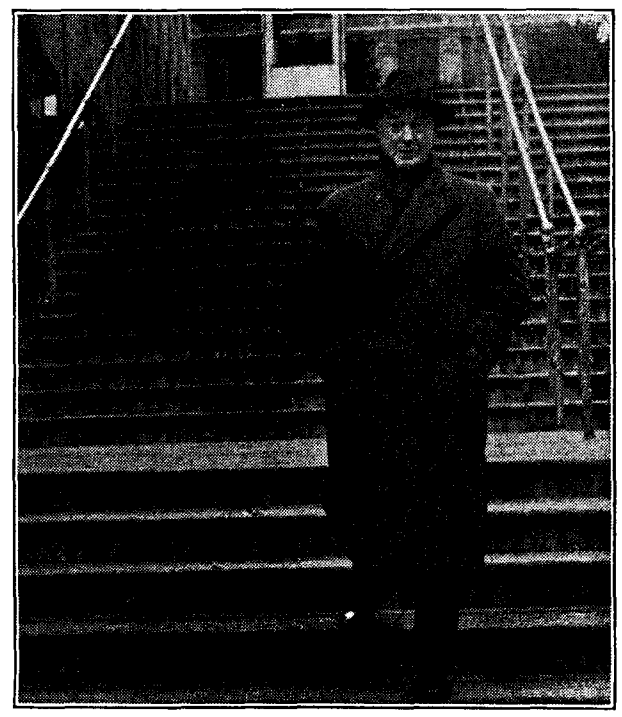
Chauncey B. Tinker is one of the leading Boswellian scholars of the day, author of "Young Boswell," and editor of "The Letters of James Boswell."

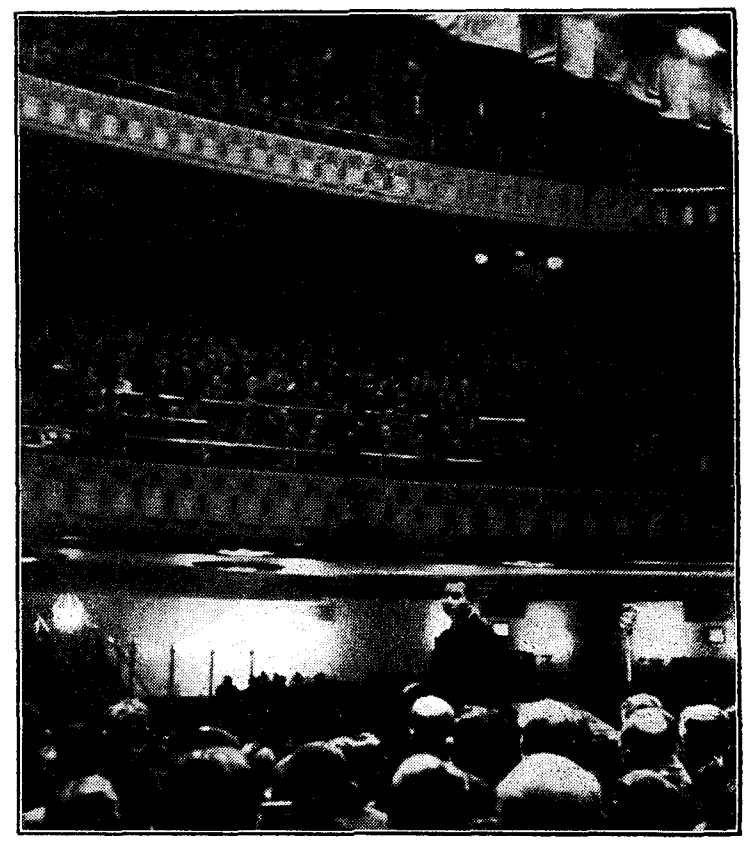
During the past year more than 700,000 books, periodicals, and pamphlets were printed in Braille type by the National Institute for the Blind in England. Music of all kinds is also supplied for the blind.

Hear, Hear!

Famous Writers Rise to the Occasion As Lecture Season Gets Under Way

Saturday Review News Photographs by Robert Disraeli





Desmond MacCarthy (above), English critic and essayist, steps out of Rockefeller Center on New York visit. He is now lecturing at Yale . . . (Right) John ("Menace of Fascism") Strachey hangs out the S.R.O. at Mecca Temple.

(Left) Eating soup at the Algonquin is Louis Bromfield . . . (Above) Three experts on dictatorship meet at tea: Isobel Steele, back from her Nazi adventure; Tatiana Tchernavin, who escaped from the Soviets and is telling about it in a lecture tour; and Dorothy Thompson, news correspondent who left Germany by request . . . (Below) Sheila Kaye-Smith at the Plaza with her husband, Theodore Penrose Fry.

J. B. S. Haldane, English biologist, discusses the facts of life with a class at the New School for Social Research.

Walter Lippmann (left) attacks publishers' codes at annual luncheon of the National Association of Book Publishers (above) who sit up and listen. (Story on page 452.) Flanking Mr. Lippmann, from left: publishers Clifton Fadiman, Thayer Hobson; toastmaster Morley, Archibald MacLeish.

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1935—TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE VIKING PRESS

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Interpreting each one's day and dramatic philosophy, he has written subtle, challenging letters purporting to come from Mrs. Siddons to Katharine Cornell, from Peg Woffington to Ina Claire, from Kit Marlowe to Eugene O'Neill, from Richard Brinsley Sheridan to Noel Coward, from Inigo Jones to Robert Edmond Jones.

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Herschel Brickell in the *N. Y. Post*: "He wears his erudition lightly . . . I enjoyed it heartily and so will you if you like good writing and good thinking about the theatre."

Bernard Sobel in the *Mirror*: "Here, snugly encased in beautiful prose, humor, humanity and erudition, is a whole course in the drama... what a grand book is this."

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Those to whom the theatre is a living art will take a special and a genuine delight in this delectable volume. $2.00. The Viking Press.

LETTERS FROM GREENROOM GHOSTS

BY JOHN MASON BROWN

WHO IS THIS MAN MACDONELL?

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"VOLTAIRE, MILT GROSS and BERNARD SHAW, collaborating in eight-hour shifts, could scarcely equal his satire!"

But the New York Post asserts:

"It is as though ALDOUS HUXLEY, E. V. LUCAS and HARPO MARX had combined their abilities!"

Yes, agrees the San Francisco Chronicle, and:

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The New Books

Biography

FIFTY YEARS A SURGEON. By Robert T. Morris, M.D. Dutton. 1935. $3.50.

When you talk with Bob Morris, his snapping eyes and aura of vibrant energy make anything that he says important. This same vigorous manner has been woven into his book, so that although the physical charm is missing, the impression the man creates remains. Dr. Morris's book—a narration of the outstanding features of his life—is not too technical for the layman and contains enough contemporary medical history to make it of interest to physicians. For medical students and nurses it ought to be compulsory.

Dr. Morris has been a healthy influence in the profession over the past fifty years because he has refused to believe everything that the "big wigs" told him. He has been fearless in the promulgation of new principles—at times suffering severe criticism and even contumely. But by the twinkle in his eye one may know that he loved the fight. His views on the future of the profession, the dangers of overspecialization, the evil of fee splitting, the encroachment of cults and fads on legitimate medicine, and his fearless demand for intelligent thought on the part of his confrères, together with his refreshing frankness and clarity, make his book well worth while.

Dr. Morris has always been more than a physician. He has been a naturalist and a humanitarian. His avocation has been the development of nut trees on his estate in Connecticut. Some of the understanding which contact with the woods brings to those who have the opportunity for such contact, is found in his last chapter. That is a gem and we happen to know that Dr. Morris means every word of it.

K. R.

Fiction

AMERICAN FAMILY. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.

This is a sober book, carefully planned and carefully written. Miss Baldwin has studied and thought and left nothing to chance, and one must recognize the pictorial truth of her various atmospheres and characterizations. The thin rigidity, as of an old print, of the early pages, with their backgrounds,—New York, 1861, a sailing ship, China; the genre-painting of the New York of 1885, with all the interiors and costumes minutely accurate, and the phrases of the characters falling in with perfect rightness,—these exercises in pastiche command respect. But the book as a whole is disappointing. There is no blood in it. It is simply a novel, and a novel that we have read more times than is worth while.

Here is the usual clear promise that lies in the beginning of many novels, the charm of a remote and exotic background, and then the gradual piling-up of the story into turgidness, with all the customary stale trappings of youthful aspiration and middle-aged disillusionment and love cast into a mold incredibly banal and savorless. The characters look and behave correctly according to their types, but not one is more than a type-character in a book, not one possesses the warm breath of life or the personal accent of an individual. Somehow one doesn't care what happens to any of them.

"American Family" is one of those long surveys that leave the reader with a depressed sense of the flatness of life. It is the kind of book where in 1885 the characters discuss bicycling, the new sport, and in July, 1914, ask casually: "Just what does all this Serbian-Austrian business mean?"

C. C.

BETTER THINK TWICE ABOUT IT. By Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Arthur and Henrie Mayne. Dutton. 1935. $3.

There is good fun in this volume of thirteen stories by the Nobel prize winner of 1934. Most of the tales of Sicilian life are either frankly humorous or in lighter vein. In some of them, as for instance the title story, there is a barb of satire; in others there is subtle disapproval of conduct of one sort or another. But the touch of the satirist is light, and no moralizing disturbs the atmosphere of good humor.

The first story, "The Other Son," is a gloomy tale, and there is tragedy in the story of "The Madonna's Gift." In the sad tales, as in the gay, there is an economy of description, a masterly concentration of narrative which make for easy and delightful reading. The longest of the stories, "The Wet-Nurse," is perhaps the least satisfying, although the contempt of the author for some of his characters has a bracing effect.

Sicily lives before us in the stories, the men and women, the very animals; the landscape is before us, and the smell of the land in our nostrils. One has the sensation of listening to a highly cultured and delightfully humorous gentleman from Sicily, telling of his own country and its inhabitants, talking in a charmingly modulated voice for one's especial benefit.

S. A. N.

Miscellaneous

THE SEX LIFE OF THE UNMARRIED ADULT. Edited by Ira S. Wile, M.D. Vanguard. 1934. $2.50.

When one has hurdled the title and the questionnaire of this volume and shrugged past the publisher's blurb about how courageous it is, one finds this symposium interesting; largely because it reflects the extraordinary progress which has been made toward the view that the sexual life of the individual falls more fittingly under the purview of manners than that of morals. And this progress is not a matter of "radical" opinion, shared by a few intellectuals like the contributors to this book; it is an important social phenomenon, brought about by the economic, scientific, and cultural changes of modern times. These writers do not advocate a civilized view toward sex so much as they recognize it and appraise its results.

They write objectively and wisely. If their discussion of the subject emphasizes rather heavily the sex life of the young unmarried adult, that is no doubt as it should be, since the young constitute a large majority of the unmarried. And if it gives but scant attention to the sex life of those whom our social workers quaintly term "the underprivileged" (has capital-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
TERROR BY NIGHT *Norman Klein* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Polish prince vanishes on day of marriage to Long Island heiress. Found dead. Dick from Dixie gets killer.	Odd mixture of hard-boiled thriller, society scandal yarn, and 'tec story — which doesn't always jell.	Won't bore you
CRIME AT CHRISTMAS *C. H. B. Kitchin* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Strange demise of unimportant lady at British Yule party starts train of unusual happenings finally fathomed by urbane cop.	Interesting lot of antagonistic characters, bright dialogue, and clever conclusion lend zest to very refined murder tale.	Recommended
MURDER UNLEASHED *Dorothy Bennett* (Crime Club: $2.)	'Frisco radio tenor finds lovely stranger dead in his room. Though suspect he solves crime himself.	Good action and pleasing background, but oh! so much sweetness and sentimental goo.	Fair
THE UNFINISHED CRIME *Elizabeth Sanxay Holding* (Dodd, Mead: $2)	Bachelor, loving estranged wife, batters husband thus entangling self in frightful web of blackmail, cruelty, and deceit.	Remarkably interesting and exciting study of character collapse under strain. Packs a couple of surprises.	Somber—but good

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ism ever so completely given its show away in a word?), that may be because the underprivileged cannot afford the privilege of confiding their problems to doctors and psychologists. The picture is necessarily incomplete, for the subject is too vast to be adequately treated in a symposium of 305 pages. But several of the individual essays are both informative and stimulating, notably Margaret Mead's on the unmarried adult in primitive society, Dr. N. W. Ingalls's on the biology of sex, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson's on the attitude of the medical profession toward sexual problems, and Dr. Robert Morss Lovett's on changing attitudes toward the sex life of the unmarried as reflected in English literature.

Mrs. Beard has written interestingly on the economic background of the sex life of the unmarried, but one feels that this essay suffers more than the others from limitation of space. Since the sex life is so largely conditioned by the social environment, and the social environment by the prevailing economy, it is hardly exaggerating to say that Mrs. Beard's subject is the most important in the whole book, and the most far-reaching in its implications. It really should be dealt with in a separate book.

S. L. F.

Travel

BRIGHT MEXICO. By Larry Barretto. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.

Mr. Barretto's book is made up of a tourist's first impressions of Mexico, backed with occasional bits of history and guide-book information. Nothing is said which hasn't been better said before, but the author gets pretty well round the usual circle. First and last, he enjoyed himself immensely, and his informal narrative will doubtless carry some of his enthusiasm to those to whom Mexico is still an undiscovered country.

Brief Mention

Sir Philip Gibbs journeying through central Europe, twenty years after the beginning of the war, determined to make a book of his journey, in which he interviewed, by way of business, political leaders of various countries, but for pleasure looked for what the ordinary tourist usually misses. It is a very agreeable book (*European Journey,* Doubleday, Doran, $3). * * * Sheed and Ward have published a translation of Henri Ghéon's *In Search of Mozart,* a study of the history and background of his music by a music lover ($4). * * * The Cambridge University Press edition of *Hamlet,* edited by John Dover Wilson, has been added to the series. It has the extraordinarily erudite equipment of other Shakespeares edited by this scholar ($2.50). * * * New handbooks to Shakespeare are constantly being called for in order to keep up with the growth of Shakespearean scholarship. The last is *William Shakespeare: A Handbook,* by Thomas Mark Parrott (Scribner's, $1.25). * * * William Bennett Bizzell, President of the State University of Oklahoma, occupies, like his university, a key position in the upper Southwest. A series of addresses by him has just been published, called *The Relations of Learning* (University of Oklahoma Press, $2.50).

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

English Literature and Culture in Russia. (1553-1840). E. J. Simmons. Harvard Univ. Pr. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHY

Letters of Theodore Dwight Weld, Angelina Grimké Weld and Sarah Grimké. 1822-1844. Ed. G. H. Barnes and D. L. Dumond. Appleton. 2 vols. *The Story of Joseph Wright.* E. M. Wright. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.

DRAMA

The Atlantic Book of Modern Plays. Ed. S. A. Leonard. Little. $1.75. *The Art of the Drama.* F. B. Millett and G. E. Bentley. Appleton.

PAMPHLETS

The Groups Movement. J. A. Richardson. Morehouse. 75 cents. *You and Machines.* W. F. Ogburn. American Council on Education. *Mysticism and the Bahá 'í Revelation.* R. Afnán. New York: Bahá 'í Pub. Co.

REPRINTS

The Outcast. L. Pirandello. Dutton. $1.

RELIGION

From the Rainbow to the Cross. E. P. Dupee. Portland, Me.: Southworth-Anthoensen Pr. *God and the Social Process.* L. Wallis. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $2. *The Bible as Religion and Literature.* G. G. Fox. Argus Book Shop. $1.50.

SOCIOLOGY

Social Organization and Disorganization. S. A. Queen, W. B. Bodenhafer, and E. B. Harper. Crowell. $3.50.

TRAVEL

Romantic and Historic Florida. A. H. Verrill. Dodd. $3.

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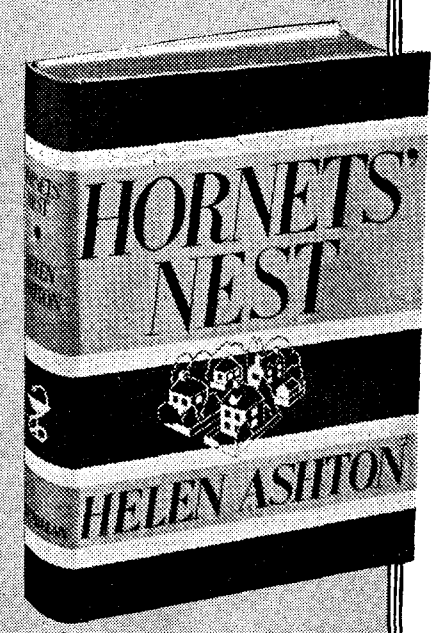

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by HELEN ASHTON

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"Dr. Serocold"

Every one who thrilled to MEN IN WHITE will derive equal pleasure from this stirring novel of life behind a hospital's doors; of the loves, ambitions, jealousies of nurses, internes, surgeons *and* patients. The author's practical experience in medicine brings to her work a realism that is as gripping as it is unusual. $2.50

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by
Doreen Wallace
Author of
"Even Such is Time"

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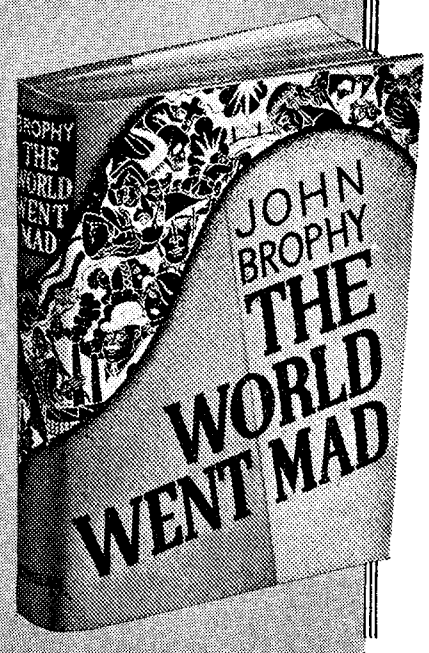

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THE KING'S NAVEE

W. F. C. of Toronto, Canada, *asks for suggestions on books on the British Navy and model ship building.*

MACMILLAN publishes a volume by George Parrott, entitled ROYAL NAVY, which should give W. F. C. just the information which he wants. If his interest extends to the merchant navy as well as the fighting there is a book so titled (Longmans, Green) by Archibald Hurd, whose articles on naval strategy and the course of naval events were an outstanding feature of British quarterlies during the war years. For many years the classic of those interested in naval matters was Admiral Mahan's THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER ON HISTORY (Little, Brown); there has just appeared a volume, by Admiral Sir Hubert R. Richmond, SEA POWER IN THE MODERN WORLD (Reynal & Hitchcock), which carries on from the point where that left off. Admiral Mahan dealt mainly with sea power in the days of sailing ships, Admiral Richmond, on the other hand, with the modern battleship. His book may be taken as illustrative of the contemporary British attitude toward its navy and navies in general. Incidentally there's authority in Gilbert and Sullivan for the method of rising to influential position in the naval world. For all I know W. F. C. may be observing it, and by "sticking close to his desk and never going to sea" be heading straight toward being a ruler of the King's navee. In the meanwhile, if he wants to engage in model building he can get instruction either from Ernest Armitage McCann's SHIP MODEL MAKING (Henley), or P. Adams's CORK SHIPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM (Dutton).

NOVELS BY FANNY BURNEY AND OTHERS

F. E. of Neilton, Wash., *sends in a triangular question. She wants to know, first, the publisher and price of a volume of poetry for children entitled* RING-A-ROUND, *next, if* SKETCHES AND SCRAPS, *by Laura E. and Henry Richards, is still available, and last, if anyone publishes any of Samuel Richardson's or Fanny Burney's novels, or Walpole's* CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

To take them up seriatim, as our friends the lawyers say. RING-A-ROUND is published by Macmillan and is priced at three dollars. So far as available evidence shows SKETCHES AND SCRAPS is out of print. Richardson's CLARISSA HARLOWE, on the other hand, is available in four volumes, with an introduction by William Lyon Phelps, in the Everyman's Library Edition (Dutton), and in condensed form in a volume issued by Holt, while his PAMELA comes in two volumes in the Everyman edition. As for Fanny Burney's EVELINA that, as it should be, every little while gives fresh evidence of life. Dutton has an edition (Everyman's Library again), Harcourt, Brace another, Macmillan a third. The Oxford University Press issues one, edited by Sir Frank D. Mackinnon, with notes, indexes, and illustrations from contemporary sources. Fashions may change, but EVELINA remains a touching and winsome portrayal of "a young lady's entrance into the world," and still wears the touch of genius which made Fanny Burney's great contemporaries sit up all night over it. I was about to say, thinking of CAMILLA and CECILIA, that Miss Burney was a one-book author, since only her first novel really deserved perpetuation, but then I remembered the DIARY AND LETTERS which exude so much of the lively spirit of EVELINA. Poor Madame d'Arblay! Caught in the toils of a court regime which could hardly be anything but distasteful to her, inevitably there crept into her journal something of the wearisomeness of her life, yet in the earlier portions it has the freshness, the nice observation and quick appreciation of the quirks of character, and the charm of her novel. Dutton not long ago brought out a condensation of it. F. E. can sandwich it in between Richardson and Walpole's CASTLE OF OTRANTO, of which latter both Stokes and Houghton Mifflin issue editions.

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INTRODUCTIONS . . . TO THE CATALOGUE OF THE ASHLEY LIBRARY (1922-1930). *New York: William H. Smith, Jr., 9 East 57th Street. 500 copies.* 1934. $2.50.

THE assembler of the Ashley Library and the compiler of its Catalogue, Thomas J. Wise, invited ten distinguished bibliographical essayists to contribute each an introduction to one of its ten volumes. The group comprised, in the order of their appearance, Richard Curle, Augustine Birrell, Edmund Gosse, John Drinkwater, E. V. Lucas, A. Edward Newton, R. W. Chapman, David Nichol Smith, Alfred W. Pollard, and J. C. Squire. To compress these essays into serviceable compass was a worth-while enterprise. One or two of them, like the halves of an excursion ticket, are worthless if detached, and suffer from their lack of propinquity to the volume with which they were originally affiliated. Most of the introductions, however, are good reading in their own right. Mr. Lucas discourses pleasantly of collectors he has known—the earliest was J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. Mr. Newton is as agreeably discursive as usual. Mr. Chapman submits pertinent comment on the westward course of rarities—the tide has slackened since he wrote. Mr. Pollard's observations on the compilation of catalogues are admirably to the point, and merit the attention of librarian, collector, and bookseller alike, whether apprentice or master—for example:

> Some of the usages which seem most pedantic to the frequenters of libraries have their origin in the uncertainty of librarians as to the amount of information which the frequenters may be presumed to possess. So great a man as Richard Garnett seriously regretted a relaxation of the British Museum's rule for the cataloguing of anonymous books to permit editions of "Robinson Crusoe" to be entered under DEFOE, as a matter of "common knowledge," even when Defoe's name did not happen to be given in the book. Dr. Garnett thought that what an individual cataloguer and "reviser," being possessed of the information themselves, might consider as matters of common knowledge might very well not be known to all users of the Museum library.

The prestige of the Ashley Catalogue has inevitably suffered since the publication of John Carter's and Graham Pollard's "Enquiry into the Nature of Certain XIX Century Pamphlets." But this fact does not impair the standing (or the innocent-bystanding) of the authors of these introductions.

A Clatter of Hoofs

Every American printseller is in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's debt. For if Longfellow had not celebrated the midnight ride of Paul Revere, then Paul Revere's indifferent engravings would be curiosities of moderate value instead of collecting desiderata of a most Brahmin caste. To commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's most commemorated horseman, the Huntington Library at San Marino, California, is holding during January an exhibition of his handiwork. The inevitable high point in the exhibition is the engraving of the Boston Massacre, issued within a month of the event and eagerly bought at a shilling a copy by the engraver's aroused fellow-townsmen. Revere's conception of the episode makes it a massacre indeed. Three figures are stretched on the ground, and a fourth is being carried away; all are patently Aryan, so that the body of Crispus Attucks must be hidden by the prodigious pall of smoke which a squad of redcoats have contrived to get out of their muskets. Through it all a tiny but preternaturally large-eared dog, standing squarely between the opposing forces, gazes, almost yawns, into the distance, as one simulating the height of indifference. As a piece of propaganda the print was, of course, vastly effective.

Such is the *réclame* of Revere, moreover, that his clumsy rendering of the massacre does not suffer diminution of sentimental appeal or dollar value in having almost certainly been copied from a much rarer print of the same incident by Henry Pelham, who never went to horse. A single proof of Pelham's "Bloody Massacre," now the property of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, survives. Revere's *Royal American Magazine* caricatures give that periodical a fame which it would otherwise lack, and the Continental Congress money for which he engraved the plates commands a respectable premium, even with accrued interest. For all of this his mount deserved at least an assist.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

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THE SPRING BEGINS *Katherine Dunning* (Dutton: $2.50)	Novel	Emotional turmoil among the domestics of a large English country estate.	Teapot tempest
DIVERSIONS & PASTIMES *N. R. Abraham* (Dutton: $1.75)	Novelty	Parlor tricks with coins, string, matches, and paper for those who dote on such.	???
SQUARE SHOOTER *William McLeod Raine* (Houghton Mifflin: $2)	Western	Our hero "never killed anyone who didn't need it" . . . quote from the book.	Standard

Curious Twists of the Libido

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Double-Crostics: Number 44

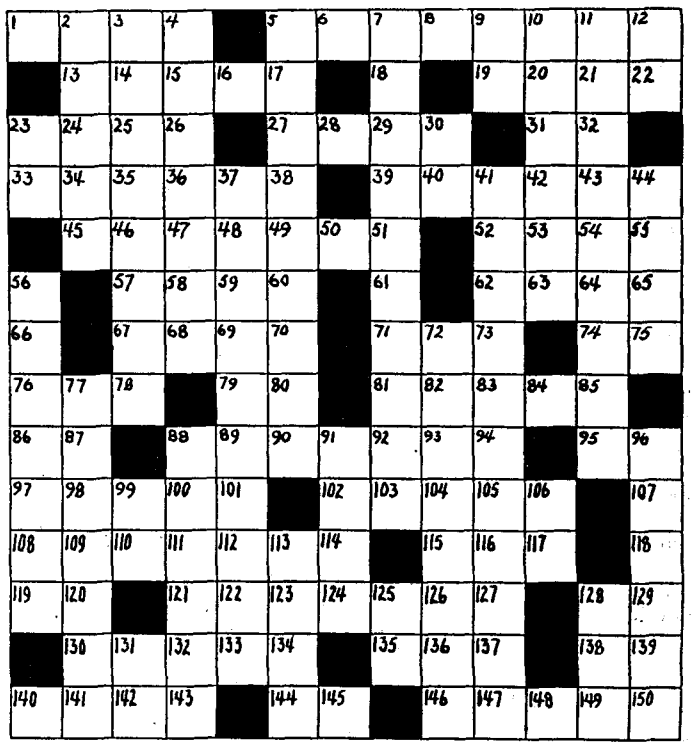
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 44-75-95-60-24-127-53. Clumsy, ungainly.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
II. 3-59-68-78-100. Character in the Book of Job.	_ _ _ _ _
III. 20-2-46-110-38-133. Serpent worship.	_ _ _ _ _ _
IV. 48-15-108-22-137-55. A little brook.	_ _ _ _ _ _
V. 124-18-82-146-74. Famous literary mother.	_ _ _ _ _
VI. 37-56-28-140-98-90-9. Another character in the Book of Job.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
VII. 69-129-51-71-17-86-40-135. Having only one tooth.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
VIII. 89-16-31-117-25-128-139. Diplomatic alliance.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _
IX. 73-21-29-61-134-14-104-144. A light roadster.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
X. 49-42-13-81-113-136-27-107-34-143. Dalcroze dancing.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XI. 138-10-63-102-126. Suspension of belief.	_ _ _ _ _
XII. 96-11-52-83-76-26-70-36-141-80. Rebels.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XIII. 65-123-19-99-4. A Shakespearean hero.	_ _ _ _ _
XIV. 5-103-57-131-91. Long, wailing cries.	_ _ _ _ _
XV. 109-115-33-118-50-150-79-145-72-41. Hard to please.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XVI. 7-92-67-125. A Book of the Bible.	_ _ _ _
XVII. 54-45-35-30. Struck with fear and wonder.	_ _ _ _
XVIII. 85-93-8-64-77. Grain ready for grinding.	_ _ _ _ _
XIX. 88-1-62-47-130-119. Phoenician fire god.	_ _ _ _ _ _
XX. 114-105-149-39-132. Languor of mind, boredom.	_ _ _ _ _
XXI. 43-148-111-120-58-101-32-84. Town near George Eliot's house.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXII. 23-142-122-6-106-147-116-94. Masculine name.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
XXIII. 12-121-112-87-97-66. Evasive, insincere.	_ _ _ _ _ _



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(NUMBER 43)
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NEW YORKER, 36, sophisticate, invites correspondence with women. Conversational gifts and sense of humor requisite. Byron.

WIDOWER, 36, college graduate, seeks acquaintance of sincere, cultured girl, Protestant, about 27. Box 214-A.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

ACCORDING to *Miss Corinne Bacon* I dismissed "Intrepid Bird" by *Mary Britton Miller* (Macmillan) far too briefly in a recent "Parnassus" review. She says Miss Miller's poetry cannot justly be called "commonplace." Well, perhaps my word was too harsh. I have gone over Miss Miller's book again, and it is not bad—and yet I continue to have the feeling that it might be better. Her ear strikes me as imperfect, and her expression—?

So comfortably lies my spirit, and away so far
Uneasy life, and all the gates of heaven are ajar
Upon celestial sounds.

Surely that is facile and stale writing. There is no feeling for structure or for the precise word. It is Miss Miller at her worst; it is really mere doggerel; but too often in her book her verse seems to me loose and undisciplined, and I do contend that the philosophic content is not extraordinary. Naturally, mine is but one opinion; but so long as it is I who am writing this column it is the only opinion I can have!

W. W. Norton & Company publish the translations by *M. D. Herter Norton* of *Rainer Maria Rilke*. The latest of these is his "Letters To a Young Poet." Some time ago I printed one of his letters to a young poet in a translation by a girl at Bennington College, Vermont. Rilke had never seen the correspondent to whom he writes. But a number of the things he says are worth any young poet's reading. So far as I can tell the translation is entirely satisfactory.

Looking over the current books, there is one that may be given too little attention, and that is "Paul Bunyan and Resinous Rhymes of The North Woods," written and illustrated by *Thomas G. Alvord, Jr.* and published in New York by the Derrydale Press, Inc., at 127 East 34th Street (Telephone: CAledonia 5-1961). A nice example of book-making, with really good and amusing illustrations, the verse about the famous lumberjack—though homespun—serves well enough to recount his fabulous adventures. There is a variety of verse on other topics too. While the book can't rank with *Drummond's* "The Habitant" or that priceless treasure of humour "The Norsk Nightingale," it has its folk value. The vernacular is genuine. The verses were written and the pictures made twenty years ago at Superior, Wisconsin.

Frankly religious, "A Draught Outpoured: An Anthology of Anglican Verse," takes its title from a line by the late *Marguerite Wilkinson*, and is chiefly of note because it opens with certain poems by *Mrs. Wilkinson* and the late *Thomas S. Jones, Jr.* It is made up of poems published in "The Living Church," 1924-34, and religious folk will find it rather better than most anthologies of the kind. It is published at a dollar fifty by Morehouse Publishing Company, 1801-1817 W. Fond du Lac Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The editor is *Portia Martin*.

As a biographer, historian, and editor, *M. A. De Wolfe Howe* has achieved prominence. His verse was a by-product of a busy career. His "Songs of September," now brought out by Houghton Mifflin, will please his friends. It is not otherwise of importance.

When in prison at Poona, the famous *M. K. Gandhi* translated certain ancient Indian religious lyrics into English. The whole collection has now been prepared for the press and arranged metrically by an English friend of Mr. Gandhi, under the title of "Songs from Prison," published in New York by the Macmillan Company. If you are fond of your Tagore, you may wish to possess these poems also.

Joseph Braddock's "Sark, And Other Poems," done by Basil Blackwell in Oxford, England, ought to be better,—or so one thinks, when an occasional fresh phrase or bright color leaps out of it like a glimpse of a flying-fish. But, upon complete analysis, there is a stale classicism about the attractive little book, and it possesses no particular identity. "The Sinister Shepherd," from the Primavera Press, 705½ West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, California, is a translation of *Girolamo Frascatoro's* "Syphilidis Sive de Morbo Gallico Libri Tres," by *William Van Wyck*, and therefore to me simply a rather dull literary curiosity. "Notes of the Horn," a collection of hunting verse, new and old, brought together by that delightful writer, *E. Œ. Somerville*, who was joint author with *Martin Ross* of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," is published by Scribner's. All hunt addicts should have it. It begins with "John Peel" and has all the famous hunting songs and poems, including the more recent "Runnable Stag" of *John Davidson's* and an excerpt from *Masefield's* "Reynard the Fox." It is illustrated from old paintings. A little book without any pretensions except to being a sort of Eugene Fieldish dialect verse, is "Me an' Pete," by *Wendell McKown*, celebrating the memories of childhood, with illustrations by *Kurt Wiese;* I think a good many people will get the same sort of pleasure from it that they used to get from Field and Riley in the past—though the verses lack their touch. It is published by Doubleday, Doran. An engineer, for many years Dean of one of the greatest schools of mechanical engineering in the country, namely Cornell University, has published his "Poems in Varying Moods" through the William A. Church Company of Ithaca, N. Y. He is *Albert W. Smith*. Cornellians take note. I can't say that his work is poetry.

There are a good many other thin volumes. The third of the Lantern Poet Series is "Temporary Truce," by *Eleanor Alletta Chaffee*, with whose work the *Saturday Review* among other periodicals has become familiar. The address of her publisher, The Lantern, is 62 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. There is some nice minor work here. *Louis Kronenberger's* "An Anthology of Light Verse from the Sixteenth Century to the Present Day," is a new book, though it appears in the Modern Library somewhat like a crowned reprint. Mr. Kronenberger was limited for space, and his anthology doesn't strike one as being as good as it might have been, though a deal of good stuff is included. To my mind *Hodgson's* "Eve" does not strictly speaking come under the head of light verse, nor do a few of Mr. Kronenberger's other selections, though, queerly enough, an early sonnet of *Edna Millay's* seems to. Certainly the best is not here either from *Christopher Morley* or *Ogden Nash;* and I must speak of one "howler" on page 168. On that page appears the extraordinary notation:

Colonel D. Streamer
(R. H. Russell)

Yet apparently the compiler has heard of *Harry Graham*, since he uses his "Tact" on page 200. Does he not know then that this same Captain Harry J. C. Graham, author of many books, brought out his "Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes" in 1899, and that his pseudonym at that time was "Col. D. Streamer," referring to his commission in the Coldstream Guards? The "R. H. Russell," so ignorantly listed as the author of the two ruthless rhymes quoted, was, in reality, the American publisher of Harry Graham's early work.

However, a good deal may be forgiven an editor who reveals to us a little known gem such as the "Martin Luther at Potsdam" of *Barry Pain*. It's good nonsense and good comment on empty poetry:

In the black night through the rank grass the snakes peer—
The cobs and the cobras are partial to grass—
And a boy wanders out with a knowledge of Shakespeare
That's not often found in a boy of his class, etc., etc.

A peculiar little book of acrostics by "Pliny the Younger," called "Guess Who," is published by Empire Publishing Company, 551 5th Avenue. The pseudonym has been adopted by *Stanley Kidder Wilson*, who has written on advertising and selling, published a murder mystery, and will be remembered for his poems appearing in many papers. Here, in free verse, he has presented descriptions of famous modern people, clever characterizations which still you should be able to guess. The answer is in the initial letters. It's an amusing game to try.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞A gardenia for W. W. Norton's buttonhole. The President of the National Association of Book Publishers put on a good show at the annual meeting and lunch on January 16, produced three speakers who talked to the point and made sense. Walter Lippmann gave the delegates a vivid shock by putting all publishers on the pan in no uncertain terms for accepting NRA codes. (His speech was in the *Herald Trib.* the next day, and, we suppose, was syndicated, so you've probably had it for breakfast.) The argument ran that such codes can be used by a later, hypothetically illiberal administration as the first step towards curtailing the freedom of the press. Some comments, overheard afterwards, indicated that Mr. Lippmann didn't altogether carry his audience. However well taken Mr. Lippmann's point may have been as to newspapers, we gathered that it seemed academic to some of the book publishers, who do not control what authors write. Also, not one in fifty publishers ever gets involved in a matter of suppression; and the censors, as far as books are concerned, usually go after obscenity, not radicalism. ☞Archibald MacLeish made some remarks which need no comment, since you can read them elsewhere in this issue. Clifton Fadiman, editor at Simon and Schuster and reviewer for *The New Yorker*, spoke on the relations of the publisher to the critic. He suggested that publishers and critics should see each other not more than twice a year, on terms of formality and suspicion; he shadow-boxed neatly with the English reviewers, and coined "Walpole-sitting" as a synonym for log-rolling; but he said nothing about what it feels like to be a publisher and a critic at the same time, and so unable to take one's own advice. Is there (Old Q. asks) a schism in the bosom?

* *

☞All of which leaves insufficient room for comment on the delightful visit to Philadelphia enjoyed by two of the Quercuses and the Phœnician last week, for the Philadelphia Booksellers' Dinner. Speeches were made, and Ted McCawley, P. B. A. president, announced a treasury surplus. ☞Details in an early issue.

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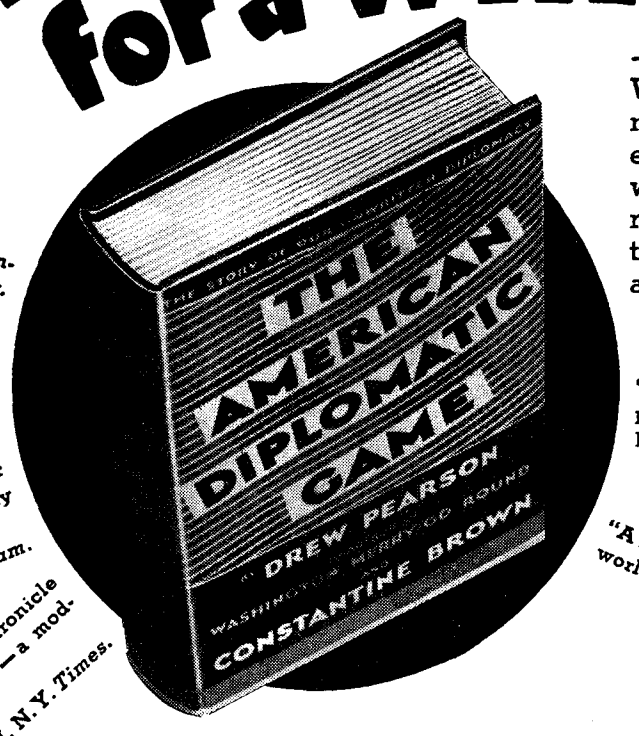

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